

THE HOME:

A Monthly for the Wife, the Mother, the Sister, and the Daughter.

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MRS. SARAH PETER.

THIS lady, foundress of the School of Design, in Philadelphia, deserves honorable mention in the annals of useful women. By directing the attention of her sex to an appropriate and beautiful pursuit, and thus widening the sphere of their industrial occupations, she has earned the highest title to which the ambition of a woman should aspire—that of benefactress.

SARAH PETER, born Worthington, inherited some of the best blood of America. Her father, Hon. Thomas Worthington, belonged to one of the wealthiest families of the Old Domin-

ion, and early signalized his manhood by emancipating his slaves, and joining the pioneers who were then engaged in taming the wilderness of Ohio. He was one of the patriarchs of civilization in the West, and a leader in every advancing movement. He held the highest offices within the gift of the people, being for some time Governor of Ohio, and also United States Senator. Mrs. Worthington was a woman of sterling qualities of mind and heart, and the fit companion of her noble husband.

From such parents Sarah not only inherited a sound mental constitution,

but received such a domestic training as tended to its healthy development. Her education was substantial rather than showy. She made excellent progress in her studies, until they were abruptly broken off at the age of sixteen by her marriage with Edward King, son of Hon. Rufus King, of New York. Although so young, she was probably as well fitted by maturity of character, to assume the responsibilities of married life as many ladies much her senior; nor did she allow her new duties to bar all subsequent improvement.

The death of her husband in 1836 devolved upon Mrs. King the sole charge of her two sons, at an age when boys are most apt to chafe under maternal control. She had the happiness of securing the entire confidence, respect, and love of her children. Unwilling to expose them to a moment's temptation from which her watchful presence could shield them, she removed with them to Cambridge, Mass., that they might pursue their college studies under her maternal guardianship. Her solicitude was rewarded in the most gratifying manner by the manhood of her sons. She embraced the occasion of her Cambridge residence to pursue her own education, that she might still be their intelligent companion as she had been their beloved guide.

In 1844, her sons being happily settled in life, Mrs. King contracted a second marriage with William Peter, Esq., British Consul at Philadelphia. Encouraged by the sympathy of her generous and appreciative husband, she soon began to devote her leisure to the consideration of the wants of her sex. She had no taste for that loud-mouthed philanthropy which exhausts itself in angry declamation. She felt that any plan for female elevation which did not take into account her physical well-being, was worse than idle. But we will let her speak for herself. In a letter to the president of an Institute, for the promotion of the mechanic arts among young men, M^r. S.

Peter says: "Having for a series of years observed with deep concern the deprivation and suffering to which a large and increasing number of deserving women are exposed in this city and elsewhere, for want of a wider scope in which to exercise their abilities for the maintenance of themselves and children; and, after bestowing much thought and inquiry with reference to the best means of alleviating the miseries incident to their condition, I resolved about two years since, to attempt the instruction of a class of young girls in the practice of such of the arts of design as were within my reach. I selected this department of industry, not only because it presents a wide field, as yet unoccupied by our countrymen, but also because these arts can be practiced *at home*, without materially interfering with the routine of domestic duty, which is the peculiar province of woman.

"In the month of November, 1848, I gathered a drawing class of some twenty young women, under the instructions of an accomplished teacher. A few months later he was assisted by the gratuitous lectures in perspective, of a gentleman who kindly offered his services. About the same time a class was formed from among the pupils to draw and engrave maps; but after a time, in consequence of the impossibility of procuring a permanent teacher, this part of my plan was relinquished. At the expiration of a year, several of the pupils commenced the art of wood engraving, which they still practice with every prospect of success. Meantime the drawing class has steadily pursued its way, exhibiting a degree of perseverance, which assures to its members sooner or later, the remuneration which they deserve.

"It is believed that such a School of Design wisely managed, and on a scale worthy of its locality, would be conducive of great benefit, by adding to the productive industry of Philadelphia in a department where the demand greatly exceeds the supply; and that it would also prove a valuable

adjunct to many arts and trades which require the invention or reproduction of forms and patterns of use or ornament, as, for instance, household goods and utensils of every description, moldings and carvings, paper hangings, carpets, calico printing, etc., etc., for which patterns must now be procured from abroad, at much expense and uncertainty."

"The School of Design for Women," projected so wisely, and labored for with such disinterested perseverance, was opened in Philadelphia on the second of December, 1850. On that day its friends and benefactors assembled to invoke Divine blessing on their work, and to listen to addresses from Bishop Potter, and Hon. R. J. Ingersoll. It was an occasion of just gratulation to its benevolent foundress.

The success of the "School of Design" has justified her brightest hopes, and it has become the parent of similar institutions in other cities.

THE ONLY GRANDSON.

BY M. A. RIPLEY.

VERY many, indeed, nearly all parents have lost by death one or more children. They have seen them reach an age when they began to exhibit a degree of intelligence pleasing to all observers—peculiarly gratifying to themselves—and then, perhaps without a warning, has the fair bud of promise been blighted, the little form been laid in its last resting-place. The sweet smile no longer plays over the rigid features—the brow is marble. And in after years, if the regretful parent finds their children's children growing up around them, how often they seek to fasten the trembling tendrils of affection, which have so long clung to the shadow of a memory, around their new hopes.

Very loving to her little grandson, was Willie's grandmother. For Willie's father was an only son; nor that alone, he was an only child. And the young wife that he brought to cheer

the old homestead, was warmly welcomed by father and mother. She endeavored to fill, so far as she might, the place of the daughter, whom they had given up in all her beauty, at the call of the angel, Death. And the old lady, as she sat in her arm-chair by the wide fireplace, watching her bright, cheerful countenance—and the gray-haired father, whose eye loved to rest upon her, who looked to her for joy, even as the flowers turn to the sun for light, blessed the choice of their son.

And the little Willie! He was the crowning gift of all. They might watch for his first look of joy, his first word of love. Here was a comfort for hours that otherwise would have been lonely. And the grandmother taught him to walk, and amused him with pictures; and the grandfather allowed him to pull off his spectacles, and do many other things he would not have permitted his own children to do. The reddest apples must be given to Willie to roll about the floor, and in the winter if he wanted a ball of snow, the old man would make one for him, only it must be laid upon the hearth to warm, for fear Willie's fingers would be cold. And poor Willie found, as alas! do older children, that while we are waiting and watching for our pleasures, they melt away.

One day Willie's father bought some new horses. They were fine red ones, very nicely matched, but rather frisky. Willie loved horses, and his mother asked her husband to lead them to the window. She stroked their foreheads, and patted them, and talked to them very much as if they could understand what she said.

"They are well matched," said she "Are they steady?"

"Rather scarish," answered the grandfather. "They've always been used to being drove together, and when they're separated, one don't know where the other is, and I s'pose the other is in pretty much the same case."

"Well hurry father and get them

well trained so that Willie can take a ride."

And then the grandmother took the little boy out of the chair in which he was standing, and closed the window for fear he would take cold, and Willie's eyes grew very bright as he talked about the ponies in his own infantile language. So were the hearts of the whole household twined around that one little being, whose presence shed a light about the old farm-house, more holy than that which gilds many more gorgeous homes, for it was a radiance supplied by love.

At the close of a warm day in summer, as the sun was sinking behind the dark maple-trees back of the meadow, Willie's father drove to the door with the ponies.

"Come, Willie," said he, "come and ride."

And Willie's mother put on his thin nankeen cloak, and tied his hat on his head, and lifted him into the carriage beside his father. And then she stepped in herself, and they drove away, leaving the grandfather at the gate, the sunlight tinging his silvery locks with a golden hue, and the grandmother in the doorway, looking very anxiously after the fleet horses, as they sprang away. They drove up the hill which rose to the south, and then turned aside by a less frequented road, but one which was far more picturesque, passing through a ravine, by a foaming cascade, and beneath forest trees, whose wealth of foliage scarcely permitted a ray of sunshine to reach the ground. It was a rare path for those who loved the wilderness of nature.

But when about half of the distance through this gorge, a part of the harness gave way, and the spirited animals dashed along unmindful of the danger. Willie's mother was thrown out of the carriage, clasping him still in her arms, and his father sprang after them. Fortunately he received no serious injury, and raising his wife, he bathed her head with water, and soon restored her to consciousness. But

Willie had been thrown upon a rock, and his forehead was crushed, and the blood was stiffening on his golden hair. His father took him in his arms, and bore him home. And the aged grandparents bowed over him in their last grief. If tears could have saved his life, little Willie would not have been carried out of the old house in that tiny coffin, and laid in the village churchyard. As they stood beside him and sought to catch one gleam of remembrance in those dull eyes, his spirit found its wings, and noiselessly beating the air about it, flew away — far away, to the angel's home.

And now the weary grandmother sat lonely by the rough hearth. There was no more music in the house, and her trembling form tottered over its grave. The grandfather ceased his light labor, and sat mournfully in the house. And ere autumn reddened the maple leaves, there were two more newly-made graves in the burial place, one on each side of Willie's.

Yes! the old grandfather and grandmother could not live after he had gone, and the little grandson sleeps amid those who surrounded him in life, and who would protect him even in death.

BUFFALO, *March*, 1857.

OTHER FOLK'S EYES.—We spend our income for paint and paper, for a hundred trifles, I know not what, and not for the things of man. Our expenses are almost all for conformity. It is for cake we run in debt; 'tis not the intellect nor the heart, nor beauty, nor worship that costs so much. We dare not trust our wit for making our houses pleasant to our friends, and so we buy ice creams. He is accustomed to carpets, and we have not sufficient character to put floor-cloths out of his mind, so we pile the floor with carpets. Let the house rather be the temple of the fairies of Lacedemon, formidable to all, which none but a Spartan may enter, or so much as behold.—EMMERSON.

UNHAPPY FAMILIES — THEIR
CAUSE AND REMEDY.

BY AUNT DOROTHY.

THE number of unhappy families is greater than is generally imagined. My peculiar condition in life has long been such as to enable me to speak on this subject from personal knowledge. In every neighborhood scenes occur daily, which, if the curtain were raised which hides them from common observation, would strike us with painful surprise. Such scenes I have witnessed where their occurrence had been least expected. Many households, supposed to be united in the bonds of love and fraternal affection, I have found divided and torn by discord and strife.

The domestic relation has been ordained by Providence, and made a source of the highest enjoyment. How sad the thought, that any "root of bitterness" should be permitted to spring up within the sacred precincts of this earthly paradise to poison its joys! And how strange, as well as sad, that this should so often happen in families bearing the Christian name! So far as my observation extends, most of the unhappiness of families proceeds from the mistakes of parents. Proper conduct on their part seldom fails to render them happy in each other, and happy in their children. If such is not their condition, they will probably learn from an impartial examination, that they have themselves had no slight agency in their domestic infelicity.

Some parents are naturally discontented, and predisposed to complaining and repining. They seem determined to be unhappy; at least they will not try to be happy. Nothing can satisfy them. They look on the dark side of every thing, and allow the most trivial untoward circumstance to give them uneasiness. Though possessing the ordinary comforts of life in superabundance, they imagine their lot to be a peculiarly unfortunate one, and attribute

their unhappiness to the faults of others. They never look for the cause within their own breasts, although they see thousands in less favored circumstances — many in absolute want, comparatively contented and happy. In general they are governed by Christian principle; but "in whatsoever state they are," to be therewith content, is a lesson which they have never practically learned. I have sometimes doubted whether such persons were not more deserving of pity than of blame. Endeavor to convince them that their repining is without sufficient cause, and you incur their displeasure, and are charged with cruel insensibility to their misfortunes. No family in which either parent is thus disposed, can be a happy one. The unhappiness of a single member of a household, like leaven, pervades the whole mass.

Others are of an excitable, irritable temperament. They are strangers to that capital grace which "suffereth long and is kind — is not easily provoked." Taking fire at the least offense or indignity, real or imaginary, not only are they destitute of peace and enjoyment themselves, but they keep the whole family in perpetual disquiet. Mrs. M. . . . is a lady of high respectability, esteemed for many good qualities. Her prevailing fault is to be "hasty in her spirit to be angry." The slightest mistake of a child or servant throws her into a violent passion, which vents itself in harsh and censorious language. Nor are children and servants the only victims of her wrath. He whose rank and authority entitles him to "reverence," does not always escape the infliction of her censure. The inflammability of temper is a fruitful source of those domestic broils which afflict and disgrace so many families.

Many parents are rendered unhappy by disrespectful and undutiful children. But this evil, too, may be generally traced to the errors of the parents. The want of filial respect is the natural consequence of the unkind and disre-

spectful manner in which the children themselves are treated. In general, kindness and respect will be reciprocated; hence we find that, in most cases, unkind children have been trained by fretful, fault-finding, scolding parents. Mrs. G. . . . is habitually chiding her children, and telling them how bad they are; and, as in the case of Mrs. M. . . ., the severest reproofs are administered for trifling faults, or unintentional errors—sometimes on mere surmise, or wrong accusation. To this wrong on her part, is not unfrequently added the cruelty of suppressing the very natural attempt of the child to defend itself against the unjust charge. I have known the mere expression of opinion, in respectful tones, treated as a serious offense. Mrs. P. . . was engaged at a piece of work. A daughter, almost attained to womanhood, suggested a different, and as she thought, a better way of doing it. Whereupon the mother, conceiving this an impeachment of her judgment, flew into a rage, and administered a bitter rebuke to the “saucy, impudent girl,” for assuming to know more than her mother! A copious flow of tears indicated the intensity of the girl’s grief.

The unkindness of others appears in excessive rigor. Their children are denied the means of innocent enjoyment. A reasonable favor or gratification is either bluntly refused, or is granted with such reluctance, or with so many obnoxious conditions, as to render it scarcely worth the taking. There may indeed be excessive indulgence in things in themselves right and proper; and it may sometimes be difficult to determine whether the wish of the child should be gratified. A prudent parent, however, will seldom fail to judge correctly; and the children of such parents will generally acquiesce in their decision.

The spirit-crushing treatment which I have here exposed, alienates that filial regard which is indispensable to domestic felicity, and which gives parents such moral power in the government

of their children. It begets an inimical, malevolent feeling toward parents, which often finds utterance in disrespectful language, and becomes the occasion of a “spat,” which is perhaps followed by a lecture from the parent on the sin to which the child had been so cruelly provoked. Such treatment also induces in children the habit of lying. To avoid the dreaded “scolding” which the commission of a fault usually incurs, they attempt concealment by prevarication or equivocation; or, if that is not deemed sufficient, by positive denial, or direct falsehood. Disobedience, too, is produced by the same cause. A child may be *compelled* to do the bidding of a parent whom it does not reverence or respect. But true obedience regards the wishes and feelings of the parent, and springs from love and affection, which every wise parent will endeavor to secure.

Nor the least of the bad effects of the error upon which I am animadverting is, that it blunts the moral sensibilities, and renders them insusceptible of religious impression. Or, if a salutary impression happens to be made, it is speedily eradicated. An angry word, or an undeserved censure, banishes the subject, and inflicts a sting which rankles in the mind for days, and unfits it for calm and profitable contemplation of religious truth. How often do parents thus counteract the force of pious counsels, and wonder why they are not more effectual! Low ideas of religion must children entertain who are told that “her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace,” when, from morning till night, a smile is not seen upon the countenance of their instructors, nor a pleasant word heard, nor a peaceful hour enjoyed. Surely, either religion must be underrated, or the piety of the parents questioned, by their children.

Another consequence of these parental errors is their *transmission*. Children thus trained, imbibing the spirit and following the example of their parents, in their turn inflict upon their own families the same evil, which

in its progress of descent, will scarcely stop with the "third and fourth generations."

Equally fatal to domestic happiness are *conjugal* delinquencies, properly so called. None of the relative duties are more plainly prescribed in the Scriptures, than those pertaining to the marriage relation. Yet, either from a misapprehension of the import of the Divine precepts, or from other causes, none are more frequently violated. No duties of the wife are more clearly enjoined, or are more consonant to the conjugal relation, than reverence and submission. The case of Sarah is cited as an example. Of her it is written that she "obeyed Abraham, calling him lord." But there are many who *claim* at least equal authority, and in practice actually reverse the Divine arrangement. The wife becomes the head of the husband, and "usurps authority over the man." I could give many specimens of this kind of female dictatorship. I have known husbands dictated in their minutest affairs. Their in-coming and out-going, their down-sitting and up-rising must be according to directions. Even their speaking was subject to the same dictation. I have heard from the lips of a wife the command of "silence!" uttered with an air of authority, and in language which would ill become a master in his conduct toward the most abject menial. Her wishes must be gratified at whatever sacrifice or inconvenience to others, or the domestic peace was interrupted. Cases fully answering this description, are, I admit, comparatively rare; but those bearing a strong resemblance to them are not uncommon.

Many worthy females err in regard to their conjugal rights and duties. To such I commend the brief and pithy comments of Dr. Adam Clark on Eph. 5: 22: "As the Lord, viz. Christ, is the head or governor of the church and the head of the man, so is man the head and governor of the woman. This is God's ordinance, and should not be transgressed. The hus-

band should not be a *tyrant*, and the wife should not be the *governor*. Old Francis Quarles, in his homely rhymes, alluding to the superstitious notion that the crowing of a hen bodes ill-luck to the family, has said:

'Ill thrives the hapless family that shows
A cock that's silent, and a hen that crows:
I know not which live most unnatural lives,
Obeying husbands, or commanding wives.'

But no human exposition can add either clearness or force to the text. In some things the parties are equal; as in their authority over children and servants, and in certain other respects. But in cases of disagreement in opinion or judgment, and in the general regulation of affairs, it is in accordance with the nature of the marriage relation as well as with Scripture, that "wives submit themselves to their husbands." I would not in the least degree abridge the just rights and authority of my own sex. I sympathize deeply with those—and the number is large—who are subjected to the rule of selfish, domineering husbands. Yet I must commend to them a strict observance of this injunction of Infinite Wisdom, as best adapted to give grace, dignity, and *influence* to female character, and happiness to the domestic circle.

Now all the families to which I have alluded, were regarded as among the most respectable in their several neighborhoods. Is it not therefore to be presumed, that happy homes are less numerous than is generally supposed? and that unalloyed domestic bliss is rarely attained? Alas! how many enter the matrimonial state, who are made miserable during the rest of their lives! If they could but be made sensible of the cause of their unhappiness, there would be hope of improvement in their condition. A desire to be instrumental in effecting this object has induced this attempt to call attention to the subject; and I earnestly entreat all whose cases answer to those which I have described, to make a determined, persevering effort at reform. Surely the bringing of

peace and happiness to a household is an object worthy of such an effort. To those who are thus disposed, the following suggestions are offered.

Cultivate a cheerful and contented spirit. Why should we allow our minds to be continually harassed with gloomy forebodings? Troubles come fast enough without anticipating them. By proper effort we may greatly restrain, if not entirely subdue this propensity. Be patient and forbearing. Disappointments, crosses, and provocations are the lot of all in this life: let us not expect exemption from them, but rather be prepared to meet them. Patience enables us to bear the ills of life, by taking from them more than half their burden. Also as much as possible let us conceal our troubles. Occasionally it may be proper to unbosom our griefs; but the habitual disclosure of them only mars the enjoyment of our friends, without affording essential relief to ourselves.

Cherish a charitable and forgiving spirit. Put the most favorable construction upon the conduct of others; and be not too ready to ascribe even wrong acts to bad motives. By many, every instance of inattention or seeming neglect is construed into disrespect, or tortured into insult or abuse. This habit often leads to an estrangement of friendly feeling; but its most unhappy effect is the alienation of the affections between members of the same family. Great allowance should therefore be made for the imperfections of others. We should be slow to suspect them of intentional wrong; and in cases of real injury, we should be ready to forgive them. The exercise of this spirit will best promote our own happiness and theirs.

Scrupulously avoid ill-tempered language. To do this, the temper itself must be controlled. The first motions of anger must be repressed, or angry words will be almost sure to find utterance. Too much importance can not be attached to this rule. The lowering cloud which rests upon the brow, and daily discharges itself in storms of

bitter words, makes home intolerable, and drives the husband and children to seek enjoyment abroad. The former finds a retreat at the village tavern or store at which to spend his evenings and "rainy days;" the elder children, for temporary relief, escape to a neighbor's, or mingle with the convivial night-party, leaving the "old woman" to pass the tedious hours in ruminating over her unfortunate condition, unconscious of the cause. The daughters, in the hope of bettering their situation, following the counsels of an immature judgment, accept the first offer of marriage, and soon find themselves "taken in" for life. The adage is true: "A scold can not govern." Displeased at every thing, and with every body about her, she is perpetually fault-finding and chiding. Her children are kept, from morning till night, in a state of irritation. Finding it impossible to please her, and being so often "provoked to wrath they are discouraged." Under these repeated provocations, their minds become callous and stupefied; filial affection declines; and at length all desire to please her is lost. The *spirit* of obedience having been "crushed out," her commands are reluctantly obeyed or entirely disregarded; and she finds herself without power to enforce them. She may threaten; but her threats having been so seldom fulfilled, cease to intimidate. She reproves; but, being administered only under high excitement, or in anger, her reproofs are equally powerless for good. The evil spirit of rebellion has taken full possession of the mind, and all her efforts to "cast it out" are worse than in vain. "This kind goeth not out" but by means which we shall presently notice.

Avoid altercations with your children. Some houses are kept in a perpetual din by petty quarrels between parents and children, in which the bad passions of both parties are aroused. If such children become permanently ill-natured, obstinate, and disrespectful, the responsibility belongs to the parents. The practice admits of no

justification or palliation. Does any mother reply, that her children are provoked to anger by deserved reproof or admonition? Then the presumption is that her own feelings are such as to unfit her for the duty. But whatever they may be, there can be no excuse for being drawn into an angry and protracted dispute. The spark is extracted from the flint, only by a collision of the latter with the steel. So no child can quarrel alone. And if children are not in a proper mood to bear kind reproof, then it is better to defer the duty until time and reflection shall have cooled their temper, and restored them to their "right mind."

What a contrast to all this does the family present, in which kind words and a gentle demeanor characterize the ruling power within. To a young gentleman wishing to change his single condition, a friend recommended a certain young lady with whom he was not familiarly acquainted. He asked, "Is she *amiable*?" Often have the ill-humor and cross words of wives and mothers reminded me of this question, so indicatative of the good sense of this young man. But I am happy in saying, that I have witnessed, in not a few families, a beautiful exemplification of this amiability of temper. So far from making the wife a more easy victim to the tyrannic rule of the husband, or weakening her authority over the children, it has won the affection and reverence of the whole family, and thus enabled her, unconsciously to herself or them, to lead both husband and children "captive at her will." She reproves, or corrects a fault, without giving offense; and her reproofs are the more effective, because kindly administered. Oh! the magic power there is in a placid countenance and pleasant words! Not only do they enliven and cheer the family circle, and strengthen the attachment of its members; they will also be found an effectual means of regaining lost affections. And I advise every female reader who is sensible of a declension of affection in a once loving compan-

ion and her children, to try the remedy here suggested, assuring her that the effort will be rewarded by a return of their "first love;" and the deserted fireside will again become the chief point of attraction, and the abode of peace and gladness.

But you, dear reader, may yourself be the party whose early love is on the decline — caused, perhaps, by the broken vows of him who is pledged to protect and cherish you. Your case is one in which correct counsel is more difficult. I advise, however, that, whatever change may be wrought in your affections, you conceal from him the unhappy fact, and that you suffer no dereliction of duty on his part to affect your conduct toward him. I believe his knowledge of the alienation of your affections, would, instead of winning him back to duty, rather have its opposite effect. If, as is said, "love begets love," it would be unwise to tell him that you no longer love him. While he believes that he still shares your early affections, his reclamation by your undiminished kindness or increased attentions, is not altogether hopeless. By no means indulge a spirit of retaliation. I have been pained to hear wives assign as a reason for unkind acts, or for refusing favors, that they had been thereto provoked by similar treatment from their husbands. That is to say, "Be kind to me, and I will be so to you;" whereas the Bible rule is to do good even to those who hate and injure us. Not less wrong and impolite is it to indulge a spirit of crimination. I have heard wives almost daily go through a long catalogue of past offenses, and cast them into the teeth of their husbands. Kindly to remind them of their delinquencies, may be highly proper, and gives no just occasion of offense; but this habit of "railing accusation" can not fail to widen the estrangement of the parties.

But to conclude. Endeavor to make religion the controlling power in your family. "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom." Nothing

tends so much to insure the discharge of the several relative duties, and, consequently, to sweeten the enjoyments of domestic life, as a sense of religious obligation. Where it prevails, each member of the family will aim to promote the happiness of every other. Parents will use every proper means to please their children, and will be requited by their children's love and cheerful obedience. Anger, malice, and evil speaking, will find no indulgence; peace, and concord, and pleasant words, will be the order of the house. In short, nothing will be wanted to make a **HAPPY HOME**.

April, 1857.

THE LADY OF FASHION.

THERE she is promenading Broadway, "in all her glory." How showy her appearance! how costly her dress. And its proportions are immense! We may safely say that one thousand dollars would not cover its outlay. With what an air she moves along — so vain, so lofty! Her head is elevated, indicating a feeling of great superiority over the crowd around her. Should one of her sisters — how she would spurn the name — dressed in an humble garb, happen to accost her, she would treat her with the utmost contempt.

Poor soul! I pity her — from my very heart's core I pity her, and would not take her place for all the wealth of that great city. She is a slave — held in bondage by one of the weakest and most miserable tyrants that ever swayed mankind. She is an idolator also, worshiping a god far inferior to the fabled deities of old. And thus, instead of filling the true and noble position designed by her Creator, she squanders her God-given powers and means of enjoyment, and employs herself more foolishly than in picking up pebbles upon the sea-shore. More than all, how meagre her prospect for the future. When this brief,

shadowy life shall have passed away, how can she expect favor of Him who hath expressly enjoined that "women adorn themselves with modest apparel — not with gold or pearls, or costly array." Poor woman! I pity her.

A. C. J.

VICTOR, N. Y.

THE WIDOW'S SONG.

BY F. K. HARVEY.

OH! this world is a wide one — for sorrow or joy —

And where in this world is my own sailor boy?

With his loud ringing laugh, and his long shining hair,

Do they swell on the breeze yet, and float through the air?

Is there any bright land 'mid the lands of the earth,

That holds the lost child of my heart and my hearth?

I have sat by the fire when the old men have said,

"There be eyes of the living that look on the dead."

Oh! tell me ye seers, in your search of the tomb,

Do you find my fair son in its valley of gloom?

Is there any pale boy with a look of the sea,

'Mid that people of shades, who is watching for me?

Oh! that morn when he left us — mine eyes are grown dim,

And see little that's bright since they looked upon him;

And my heart, in its dullness, hath learnt to forget —

But the light of that morning shines clear to it yet:

No record is lost of that fair sunny day,

When passed my fair boy like a spirit away.

We waited — how long! — but we waited in vain,

And we looked over land, and we looked over main;

And ships — oh, how many — came home from the sea,

That brought comfort to others, but sorrow to me:

In all those gay ships — oh! their answer was none,

To the mother who asks if she yet has a son.

And we fed upon hope, until hope was denied,
 Till our health of the spirit it sickened and died:
 And his father sat down in his old broken chair,
 And I watched *the white sorrow steal over his hair*;
 And I saw his clear eye waxed feeble and wild,
 And the frame of the childless grew weak as a child!

And the angel of grief that o'ershadowed his brain,
 Now wrote on his forehead in letters of pain;
 And I read the hand-writing, and knew that the breast
 Of the weary with waiting, was going to rest!
 So he left a fond word for the lost one — and I,
 I linger behind him, to tell it my boy!

Shall he come to his home — perhaps sickly and poor —
 And meet with no smile at his own cottage door?
 Shall he seek his fair land from the ends of the earth,
 And find the fire quenched on his once happy hearth?
 None to love him in sorrow, who loved him in joy —
 Oh! I can not depart, till I speak with my boy!

I have promised to wait — I have promised to say
 What grief was his father's at going away.
 Will he come — *will* he come? oh! my heart
 has grown old,
 And the blood in my veins, it runs languid and cold;
 And my spirit is faint, and my vision is dim,
 But there's that in mine eye will be light yet, for him!

They tell me of countries beyond the broad sea,
 Where stars look on others that look not on me;
 Where the flowers are more sweet, and the waters more bright,
 And they hint he may dwell in those valleys of light —
 That he rests in some home with a far-foreign bride —
 Oh! this world is a wide one — why is it so wide?

But they surely forget — which my sailor does not —
 That I'm sitting whole years in my lone little cot;

He knows, oh! he knows if I may, I shall wait
 Till I hear his clear shout at the low garden gate;
 He is sure his sad mother will strive not to die,
 Till the latch has been raised by her lost sailor-boy!

I believe that he lives — were he laid in the mold,
 There's a pulse in my heart would be silent and cold
 That awoke at his birth; and thro' good and thro' ill
 Has played in its depths, and is playing there still;
 When its star shall have set, then that tide shall be dry,
 And the widow be sure where to look for her boy!

Oh! will he come never? lost son of the sea!
 I hear a low voice that is calling for me:
 It comes from that spot the dark yew-trees among,
 Where the grave of the sire has been lonely too long;
 A voice of love chiding — I come! oh, I come! —
 Hath he met my lost boy in the land of the tomb?
April, 1857.

HASTE NOT! REST NOT!

FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE.

WITHOUT haste! without rest!
 Bind the motto to thy breast:
 Bear it with thee as a spell;
 Storm or sunshine guard it well!
 Heed not flowers that round thee bloom,
 Bear it onward to the tomb!

Haste not! let no thoughtless deed
 Mar for aye the spirit's speed;
 Ponder well and know the right,
 Onward then with all thy might:
 Haste not! years can ne'er atone
 For one reckless action done.

Rest not! life is sweeping by,
 Go and dare before you die:
 Something mighty and sublime
 Leave behind to conquer time!
 Glorious 't is to live for aye
 When these forms have passed away!

Haste not! rest not! calmly wait:
 Meekly bear the storm of fate!
 Duty be thy polar guide —
 Do the right whate'er betide!
 Haste not! rest not! conflicts past,
 God shall crown thy work at last!

OUR MOONLIGHT WALK.

BY ANNIE DANFORTH.

THE broad waters of Lake Michigan roll to the horizon before me, and wash the shore close beneath my window. The unclouded moonlight makes a shining path upon the waters, and weaves into fantastic drapery the shadows of the rocks and hills that overhang the dancing waves. Beautiful and heart-rejoicing as is the scene before me, it woos my heart only to saddened memories, and sets it throbbing in mournful cadence to the sorrowful music which memory sings of the past.

I was an orphan, and the tale of the early years of my life "is a tear." Later, when my uncle and aunt took me to their home and hearts, the sunlight broke so brilliantly upon my pathway that I wondered I had ever wept. My happiness was made more complete by the presence of Arthur, their only child, a brave, happy, noble boy, four years my senior, who became to me as an idolized brother. Lucy Gray, a fairy beauty, whose home was but a few rods from my uncle's door, was my chosen friend and companion.

Time free from care and sorrow fled so swiftly and silently, that we took no note of its passing until we were eighteen, and in the fall Lucy was to be wedded. So good and gentle, and yet frail was she, that we sometimes fancied that an angel had folded its wings among us, to brighten earth and make it more lovely and desirable. She had always held life by so slender a thread, that her friends had felt that any moment it might be sundered; but for a year past she had seemed so much stronger, that we were all looking with hope to the future. She herself had ceased to speak so often of death. "My heart clings so fondly to earth," she said to me, "and Arthur seems almost to have stepped between me and Heaven."

Lucy had learned long lessons of patience and love from the meek and lowly Jesus, to whom she early gave her heart, and her simple piety had

made her so much more dear to us that we daily thanked God for this new promise of a lengthened life. Arthur was truly worthy of the love that had long been his. He had early given himself heart and soul to the gospel ministry, a work which was alone worthy the exalted talent—the glowing zeal and fervid piety of Arthur Mason.

It was just such a night as this three years ago that I heard the sweet voice of Lucy calling me from the yard under my window, to join herself and Arthur for a ramble upon the shore of Lake Erie, on the borders of which was then our home. The moon, as tonight, had almost cheated the night of its darkness, and we were so happy thinking and talking of the past and future, that we did not notice that the increasing wind was bringing the waves nearer and nearer to our feet. We were sitting upon a rock where we had often sat together, and were speaking of the time when I first came among them.

"Let's bathe our faces in the water as we used to then," said Lucy to me; and with a gay laugh she fell upon her knees in the sand, and dipped her forehead in the shining waters. I followed her example, but sprang to my feet at the loud cry of Arthur that a coming wave would reach us, in time to see Lucy fall forward, and her slight form carried by the receding wave some distance out into the lake. Quick almost as a thought Arthur was at her side, and the next instant he sprang to the shore with Lucy in his arms. As he rushed past me I saw that her face was perfectly colorless, and a bright red stream was flowing from her mouth. The moment I comprehended the truth I knew that Lucy must die. As it proved, in the fright of the fall, caused by the concussion of the wave, a blood vessel had been ruptured.

As rapidly as possible I followed to the house of the nearest physician. When I entered the room she was lying upon the sofa. Her wet clothes

were already removed, and they were wrapping her in warm flannels, but the blood still oozed from her mouth, and her feet and hands were icy cold. Friends gathered around her. Arthur knelt at her side, and with a voice tremulous yet patient, drowned though it was by sobs around him, he commended her soul to Heaven. A sweet smile of peace and trust was on Lucy's face, and her lips often moved. We bent low to listen. "Hope and rest," was all we heard.

A few hours more freighted with sighs and tears went by, and the sun ushered in a day of cloudless splendor, but Lucy's morning was above. There was a shroud, a coffin, a grave, and a burial, and the waves of life in our little village surged and bubbled on as before, but some hearts were left desolate. The hearthstone of her parents wanted its brightest light, and they both tottered to a speedy grave. Arthur at the funeral bent over the confined face, and with a deep groan he kissed the marble brow, then turned from the grave to go patiently and cheerfully on with the duties of life. None save those who knew him best saw that from that day his voice grew more tremulous and tender, and that although he met those to whom he ministered with the same gentle smile, that he often spent his nights in weeping, and that his face grew daily thin and pale.

But at last when the time came that should have witnessed the bridal, his parishioners joined their entreaties to ours that he would rest and travel. I have never seen him since, for when he returned to his father's house it was indeed "left unto him desolate." The cholera wasted our little village by noonday, and walked abroad in our streets by night, and my loved uncle and aunt were among its victims, and from that hour I have been again a wanderer. Arthur is back again breaking the "bread of life" to the same flock of which his parents and "spirit bride" were once members, and before me is a letter I have just received from

him. "I am no longer a mourner, my sister," he writes, "for the beautiful presence which so suddenly left us seems to me now to be ever at my side. I have long since ceased to think of her as dead and thus lost to me. Sometimes I realize that she is in Heaven, really enjoying the rest and delights of the redeemed; but I most often think of her as still with me. This sometimes seems so real that I seem to hear her voice chiding my impatience, and urging me to greater efforts for the good of my fellows, and more earnest devotion to my calling and my God.

"I realize now what I wonder that I should for a moment have failed to see, that my Lucy was coming between myself and Heaven, and that I was giving to her that singleness of devotion of which *One* only is worthy, and my heart chides me sternly that I should have so wilfully rebelled against the loving kindness that removed my idol from me. At first I felt that I could not live, and almost prayed for death. Now I ask God only for strength, for patient continuance in well-doing, and am only thankful if He count me worthy of 'something still to do or bear' in his service. 'Not dead but gone to Heaven,' and 'Are they not all ministering spirits?'"

A MOTHER'S HAND.

"WHEN I was a little child," said a good old man, "my mother used to bid me kneel down beside her, and place her hand upon my head, while she prayed. Ere I was old enough to know her worth, she died, and I was left too much to my own guidance. When a young man, I traveled in foreign lands, and was exposed to many temptations; but, when I would have yielded, *that same hand was upon my head*, and I was saved. I seemed to feel its pressure as in infancy, and sometimes there came with it a voice in my heart — 'Oh, do not this wickedness, my son.'"

LETTERS FROM QUIETSIDe.

II.

G. . . . , April 4th, 1857.

"**C**OMMAND me when you think I can serve you." These encouraging words cost you no effort, dearest M. . . . , because they flowed spontaneously from your kind heart; therefore, you can not know with what sweetness they fell upon mine — like the fall of the gentle noiseless dew upon the arid desert. Our life journey has been aptly compared to a pilgrimage over sterile wastes, scattered all along the way, though at distant points are found those invigorating fountains, so cheering, so precious, as to entitle them to the epithet, "Diamond of the Desert." Such, dear M. . . . , are sympathetic words, flowing from a cordial nature, upon a stricken heart. Besides these life-preserving "diamonds," the traveler when almost exhausted by fatigue and thirst, is often encouraged to effort, by the beautiful mirage in the far distance. Although he finds it an illusion, upon the principle that every counterfeit has its prototype, he derives from it a degree of energy, which inspires the wish to advance, "faint yet pursuing."

Such, dear M. . . . , are the pleasures and pains of social life. The trials and sorrows which are scattered along our pathway, call out our true friends, and teach us that some lovely things have survived the Fall; while those who cluster around our prosperity, teach us, as they fly before the blasts of adversity, that "there is nothing true but Heaven." In our social relations, how very dependant are we, each upon the other, for those enjoyments that enliven the shadowy path of life, and modify the varied anxieties which are thickly strewn in our way. Gentle words and kind offices make even the dark home of poverty bright. Where dwells affection, sympathy, and congenial tastes, there may be found contentment; whatever minor things are lacking, these are the representatives of true wealth. It is a question

worthy of our humanity. Are we as thoughtful of the comforts of others — to scatter gleams of sunlight among the shadows of their pathway as we may be, without any inconvenience to ourselves? To make this easy, it were well to hang the walls of memory's cells with the inscription, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them;" and then to contemplate it "with the mind's eye," until it is transferred to the heart, and constitutes a law of life; then we shall delight to "do good as we have opportunity;" feeling toward every man, woman and child, thou art my friend — my brother — my sister.

To cultivate this state of feeling is not always easy. Our judgment approves, but our passions mar the fair proportions of good resolutions, although based upon the kindly affections, when graciously exercised. By and-by the machinery grates; a screw is loose here, a cog broken there, and the wheels turn heavily and irregularly. What is the difficulty? We have met with unkind treatment from those we have tried to befriend; bitter words, expressive of unfounded suspicions have been spoken, and we know that we are aggrieved and wronged. Angry antagonism arises, and a feeling of "*I don't care*" independence predominates; the haughty spirit writhes under a sense of injury unmerited, and resolves to show "a proper spirit" — to return as good as has been received, and to assume hostile attitudes. This is the dictate of the proud, natural heart; but it is wrong, altogether wrong; in direct contravention of the precepts. Resist not evil: Love your enemies: Do good to them that persecute you. He who spake the commands, enforced them by His own example, and made them forever obligatory on us. Nothing can become soul-sickening than the conviction that our high regards have been misplaced; that we must wrench every fibre of our heart from the support to which they have so fondly clung, and charge our opinion entirely

of those whom we have long loved, and trusted in implicitly.

The heart is formed to love intensely; it yearns for sympathy, and readily reciprocates every advance of tenderness and love. When this becomes excessive, it engrosses the whole being, to the exclusion of Him who is our Creator, our Preserver, and our bountiful Benefactor. The Lord our God jealously guards His own prerogatives. His right in us is supreme, and He will allow no rival affection in the hearts of his children, but will root them out with a strong hand, if our persistence makes it necessary. Sometimes the work crushes the heart, and paralyzes it to all gentle impressions; but often it subdues the pride which is engendered by a consciousness of our own importance, restores us to a sense of duty and dependence upon that *Friend*, who sticketh closer than a brother; and bows the penitent at the footstool of Mercy, craving forgiveness for the past, and restoration to his "first love."

I knew a lovely child whose mother was poor, and a "widow indeed." M. . . . was beautiful in person, and possessed great natural endowments and sweetness of character. While a child at school she attracted the affectionate notice of one a little older than herself, and her young heart learned to lean trustfully upon him. He became her world; called forth a woman's nature, and "taught her love, ere she had learned its name." She knew of no sweeter tie than brother, and she wished—oh! how fervently, that he were her brother. College life succeeded to school days, and a suspension of their intercourse followed. She grew in loveliness, and having always possessed a religious cast of character, at an early age she consecrated her life to the service of her Creator, by connecting herself with His visible church. In her life she exemplified that change of heart which entitled her to the high distinction of being ranked a *Christian*.

During the vacations which E. . . .

spent at home, their interviews were frequent, and nothing occurred to mar the friendly relations that had so long existed between them. He was uniformly kind, and even affectionate; while her whole soul was absorbed by his image, without an idea of the true nature of her emotions. After he had graduated and returned, his attentions became decided, and resulted in a marriage engagement. Then he was enshrined in her heart of hearts. She worshiped him as her earthly idol, and his apparent devotions seemed to justify in some measure her heart's idolatry.

After many months, passed in this delirium of happiness, her quick sensitiveness perceived a change—a chill; so slight, indeed, that she dared not think it real, much less speak of it. Externally he was the same; but the spiritual communion and intelligence, in which none others shared, was wanting. Truth comes to us with a slow and doubtful step, measuring the ground she treads on; and M. . . .'s heart was not open to suspicion, by its natural constitution. At length the cloud, which had long cast its shadow over her young spirit, burst with crushing force upon her loving heart. E. . . . told her, that his widowed mother was strongly opposed to their marriage; that he had striven to overcome her objections, but hitherto without success.

E. . . . had the advantage of wealth; but M. . . . had greatly the superiority of respectability in family connections, and otherwise; but the early death of her father left his widow and orphans almost entirely dependant upon their own exertions. His mother, who was also a widow, was a proud, mean-spirited, worldly-minded woman, although she was a member of the same church with M. . . . She insisted upon wealth with the wife of her favorite child; and refused to listen to love's arguments. A long season of uncertainty and protracted misery ensued. M. . . . tried to school her heart to acquiescence, and to meet this trying crisis like a Christian

Resolutions to resign and forget, without the strength of purpose to carry them into effect, were rendered nugatory, by the constant struggle between her heart and intellect. While one dilated to her the propriety, yea, the necessity that she should preserve her self-respect by an entire relinquishment of an acquaintance so fraught with misery for her; the other clung with a tenacity, strengthened by a life-long sympathy, to the object who had for so long a time constituted her all of joy — her whole world!

At length came the denouement. E. . . . married a young girl of a low, but rich family; very inadequately educated for any station in society; of a most unhappy temper, and unamiable disposition. E. . . . brought his bride home, and a large party was given in honor of the occasion. M. . . . accepted an invitation, and congratulated the newly-married pair with such emotions, as must be experienced to be understood. He looked the very type of misery, and soon removed to a distant place. E. . . . and M. . . . met for the last time at that party; his subsequent course fell far short of fulfilling the bright promise of his early life. Some time after he attempted suicide, but did not accomplish his purpose. Whether he still lives, is not known to the writer; but for many years his existence was a weariness, as he "dragged at each remove, a lengthening chain."

M. . . . never opened her heart to another love; she had suffered too dreadfully, and her confidence in the sincerity of man's professions was so prostrated, that she doubted if love with him is a principle of truth and disinterestedness. Although the attachment had existed many years previously, she thought that she had acted incompatibly with her Christian profession, in encouraging, or allowing at all the idea of marriage relationship with an alien to the household of Faith. At the time she had quieted her scruples with the fact, that he had always been a respecter of religion — a strict moralist, and had, for years, conducted

family worship with extempore prayer; and she beguiled her hesitations, with the hope that her influence might strengthen and assist him in his quest of Truth. Her heart nourished hopes, that, like the "baseless fabric of a vision," "melted into thin air," faded, but left its track upon all her after life.

Did she harbor vindictive feelings and enmity against him who had wrecked her young life's hopes — had drawn a dark pall over "love's young dream," — had crushed the first bud-dings of her woman's nature — had rudely arrested the first goings out of her gentle affections, to find rest and dependence upon a kindred spirit? No! she was never heard to utter an upbraiding word; and if she vindicated when others blamed him, it was not because her moral sense was blunted, or her fine perceptions of integrity dimmed; but from the lingering principle of undying love, which could not relinquish as entirely worthless, an object, once so dear, so cherished, so almost worshiped. She said the greatest pang she suffered, was the necessity that compelled her to change the high esteem, in which she had once held him, to disapprobation.

Long years passed, with their attendant vicissitudes; but the effects of that early explosion of youthful anticipations were occasionally traced upon her naturally cheerful character. She was well fitted for domestic enjoyment, and to embellish the family circle. In relinquishing this fond ideal of her early life, she said it was "sweet to stammer one letter of the Eternal's language; on earth it is called forgiveness."

In giving you this little narrative of an early friend, I have, my dear M. . . , wandered far back on the track of life, and perhaps made myself a tedious trespasser upon your time and patience. If so, forgive me, and remember that in the solitariness of my present life, it is pleasant to chat, even in fancy, with loved friends. That rank you hold in the estimation of

L'AMIE.

HOW SHALL WE TREAT OUR GUESTS?

DEAR HOME: Will you not in your good "Editor's Department," among the "Hints for Home Comforts," give us some hints on this important question? What is the proper treatment of welcome but unexpected guests? In the city, we usually receive a notice in the morning, that "Mother and Mrs. So and So, will take tea with you this afternoon if it's convenient," and we can make our arrangements accordingly; but in the country no such notice can be sent, and now, what I wish you to tell us, is simply this: In case of receiving such a visit, if we find ourselves *minus* the customary three kinds of cake — and who does not so find herself sometimes — if they should happen to come to dinner when we have nothing "kinder better" cooking, is it necessary, in order that our guests may think themselves welcome, that we spend the time of their stay in the preparation of cakes, pies, and excuses? I think not; but would like to know what THE HOME thinks before I dare express myself. Let me relate a case in point.

On a pleasant October morning, not many years since, a lady-friend invited me to visit with her a mutual acquaintance in the country, not a thousand miles from Buffalo. We had eight miles to drive, and, as the roads were good, we expected to spend a very happy day. I hurried through my morning work, prepared my good husband's dinner, dressed myself and little one, and was ready at half-past nine, when my friend called for me in her neat little rockaway. The ride was delightful, and the two little prattlers at our feet kept up a perfect buzz of pleasure. The fresh air and exercise were good appetizers, and when we arrived in sight of the house, Mrs. L. . . . touched up the horse, with the remark that "she hoped they had n't had dinner yet:" we had not driven fast, and it was almost noon. Then

we hoped we should n't put them to any extra trouble, and thus make our visit the less acceptable; — we had been expected on a previous day and could not go — and thus discoursing we arrived.

We found the lady of the house very glad to see us — at least so she expressed herself; "but," said she, "I am only making a pork stew for dinner, and I never *can* make any nice gravy with pork. If you had *only* come last week!" We assured her that we were fond of a pork stew, and begged she would n't make the slightest alteration in her arrangements on our account; so she seated us in the parlor and returned to the kitchen.

We had gossiped over all the last bits of news on the way, and would have preferred following her to the kitchen, but were not intimate enough to venture such a liberty; so we waited and waited, and kept the children from saying *very* loud how "hundry" they were, until *half-past two*, when we were summoned to the table. A magnificent shanghai was spread before us, with all the accompaniments of hot apple pudding, coffee, etc., etc., etc. You may be certain that we, as well as the children, did ample justice to that dinner. When it was over she returned to the kitchen — "her baking was n't quite finished," and at four o'clock, when we were obliged to ask for our horse, as we had promised to be home at sundown, we had not visited half an hour with the friend we came so far to see. She protested loudly against our leaving before tea; "she had expected us to stay;" but that was "impossible;" so we tasted of her various cakes, which were indeed excellent, and started for home, feeling that we had subjected our friend to a very hard day's work, and had had no visit with her. How much rather we would have eaten of the plain dinner which she was preparing, and spent the day in conversation with her, for she is a very intelligent woman.

This case is no exaggeration, and is, I fear, too frequently encountered.

Will not THE HOME suggest a remedy? Let us welcome, and be welcomed by our friends, but do not let us exalt mere eating to such an important place, that it spoils all our enjoyment if we have company when we are not quite prepared for them.

KEZIA.

We are glad that "Kezia" has introduced this subject to us, for there are quite too many housekeepers in the country who think more of treating their guests to a good dinner than to a good visit. And all through the country the predominance which is given, in our social intercourse, to the good things that feed the body rather than the good things that feed the mind, is simply ridiculous. No matter how vapid may have been the conversation, or how listless and weary the mind of every one present, if the food brought upon the table has been well prepared, and every thing connected with a meal has *gone off* well, the mistress of the house considers the entertainment she has given a success, and not a failure. If she were entertaining a hospital of invalids, or had called in the starved and famine-stricken from the lanes and alleys, this view of the matter would do very well, for the physical entertainment would be all they sought or could appreciate.

But where our guests are in our own circumstances in life, and are supposed to perform the duty of *feeding*, (excuse the expression—it really seems the only appropriate one in this connection,) liberally at home, why should we insult them, when they chance to visit us, with the supposition that they come to enjoy our skill in cookery, rather than our society? Every good housekeeper should have the manner of treating such chance-guests settled in her own mind as a part of her theory of housekeeping—not upon the ground upon which her neighbors appear to have settled it, but according to the mode which her own

reason dictates as right. And though such guests may sometimes come upon her at a time when her affairs are in such a state as will make her manner of housekeeping appear below its real average, still she will much sooner make her guests see that this is the case if she puts a cheerful face on the matter, and enjoys their visit with a will to make the best of it, than if she bustles about and tries to remedy the evil in a way that shows her to have been made thoroughly uncomfortable and wretched by their appearance. For the really good and systematic housekeeper will have few of the evils of maladministration to encounter, and can afford to be habitually cheerful, and accept an accident when it comes in good grace, while an appearance of anxiety and worry will always appear to result—whether it really does or not—from mismanagement and want of forethought.

Suppose the year's soap or candle-making of a country housekeeper falls upon a day when she has no other resort but to send the children to "keep house" in the parlor, while she attends to the not over-nice work in the kitchen. Every such housekeeper knows that she is as liable to chance-guests on such days as any other; and if they come, she will add nothing to their happiness or their respect for her, if she falls into a flurry of excuses, and overheats and worries herself in a vain attempt to remedy the evil. There should be something in the larder provided against such chances, and a cheerful bringing of it forward, as if she had done her best to provide against such emergencies, will do more to preserve her credit as a housekeeper than any apologies or after-preparations she can make. A bit of cold ham, or potted meat, or dried beef with the good bread and butter, and other little accessories, that are always in a comfortable, well-managed house, ought to satisfy any chance-guest upon such an occasion. And if her guests are in circumstances in life which lead her to suppose that they

are never subjected to such plain fare at home, she will nevertheless gain more respect from them if she lets her conduct acknowledge her real position than if she tries by flimsy pretences to raise herself to their own level. There is no such dignity as comes from a full understanding and acceptance of one's real position in life. If it were sifted to the bottom it would appear that a large share of this anxiety of our housekeepers to spread their tables laboriously and luxuriously in the presence of strangers, comes from a wish to make their style of living appear better than it is, and this effort is not a particularly honest or useful one. If a friend comes to visit you, and your society is worth any thing at all, it is worth more to them than the delicacies with which you can overload your table, by depriving your guests and yourselves of the enjoyment of each other's society.

We remember once rising up to excuse ourself for a few moments to a friend who had managed to secure a half day to spend under our roof in the midst of a journey, and being met with a request that we would let the family dinner, (with whose pre-arrangements we had not thus far interfered on account of our unexpected guest,) take care of itself.

"But," said we, "there's a new girl in the kitchen, and the forks will lie awry upon the table, and the bread-plate be tilted against the gravy-dish if I do not go."

"Never mind," replied our friend. "I must leave directly after dinner, and it will be much more pleasure to me to enjoy another half-hour of your society, than to see the forks and bread-plate just in their place. You can attend to these things when I am gone, but just now I would rather feel that I am more worthy of monopolizing your attention, than the forks and plates."

And there are but few guests who visit us because they wish to see us, who would not decide in the same way.

LITTLE THINGS.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

KATY CLEVELAND had been married only a single month. What ails the sweet young bride? Her eyes look as if she had been weeping. That curve upon her lips is not the arching beauty of a smile. Has Edward spoken unkindly? or refused some darling request? Has he left her to be gone a week? or failed to return at the appointed time after a few days' absence? No; none of these. Then why has grief visited her gentle bosom? — for grieving she is, as she sits there by the window, still as an effigy.

Do not smile at the answer we give you: "Edward has only forgotten the expected kiss at parting, and gone forth to his daily business, leaving a shadow upon the spirit of his young wife."

You smile in the face of our caution! It is such a little thing! And you say, if Katy Cleveland is going to make a bracket to hang troubles upon out of every trifle like this, she will soon have her whole house tapestried with gloom.

But, it was no trifle to Katy. The young husband's kiss may be nothing to you — not even held to the value of a pepper-corn — but it was of priceless value to the bride. She had even come to look forward to the daily partings and meetings with a pleasant anticipation of the unfailing kiss — that sweet token of love.

But, the token had been withheld at last; and on the closing day of their "honey-moon." How ominous! Was the husband's shadow already thrown across the threshold of their home?

Acts we all instinctively regard as the representatives of thoughts or feelings. The kiss, with Katy, was an expression of love; its denial an evidence of failing warmth on the part of her idolized young husband. She had no other interpretation. No wonder, therefore, that tears dimmed her eyes; no wonder that a veil was on her

countenance. It was the bride's first sorrow.

Away to his store Edward Cleveland had gone, wholly unconscious of the shadow he had left behind him. He did not even remember that, in parting, he had withheld the usual kiss. Thoughts of business had intruded themselves even into his home, and claimed to share the hours sacred to domestic tranquillity. The merchant had risen for the time superior to the husband.

When Edward met his wife at the falling of twilight, it was with a lover's ardor. Not only one kiss was bestowed, but many. In the warm sunshine of his presence, the clouds which had veiled her spirit for hours, were scattered into nothingness.

And yet, the memory of that forgotten kiss remained as an unwelcome guest. On the next day, and the next, and every day for a week, the expected kiss was given; yet, ever and ever, in her hours of loneliness, would thought go wandering back to the hour when her husband left her without this token of his love, and trouble the crystal waters of her soul.

At the end of a week the kiss was forgotten again; nor was this all: Edward had shown, on one occasion, a spirit of impatience, and spoken words that smote upon her feelings with a sharp pain. He had not meant to speak unkindly — had not even felt so; but Katy had seemed unusually obtuse in some matters about which Edward sought to interest her, and her dullness provoked him.

"You are a little simpleton!" he spoke, half in sport, half in earnest, his brows slightly contracting. "Why, a girl fourteen years of age could see through it all!"

He observed that the color on her cheeks deepened, that the expression of her eyes changed, and that she turned her face partly away from him; but he never imagined the degree of pain his lightly spoken censure had occasioned. It never entered his heart to conceive of the darkness of the veil

which suddenly came between her spirit and the sunlight.

And so Edward felt a degree of contempt for the quality of her understanding! "A little simpleton!" Ah! if the words were half-playfully spoken, they had a meaning. He would not have said them, if he had not discovered a feebleness of comprehension below what he had believed to exist. Could the young wife's thoughts reach to any other conclusion? No!

These were little things — trifles compared with the great troubles of life that come to all, and that were in store for Katy Cleveland as surely as for the rest. But they need not have been, and would not have been, if Edward had thought as much out of himself, and had felt toward Katy as tenderly as in the beginning. How very guarded was the lover in all his words and actions. He never forgot the parting kiss; never was betrayed into a lightly spoken word, that carried with it a sting for the heart of his betrothed. Oh, no! Had he deceived Katy as to his real character and feelings? We can not give a freely spoken yea or nay to this. He had not meant to deceive her. And yet, certain semblances were put on, and the lover appeared to have more perfections than really existed in the man.

"Ah, well, is not this ever so?" Perhaps it is. With certain qualifications to the sentiment, the lover is always a dissembler. If not, when he assumes the husband he thinks it no longer needful to give voice to the tender sentiments that pervade his bosom. It is enough for his wife to know that he loves her. But she looks for signs and tokens as of old, and these failing, she sits, often, athirst by the dried up fountains, from which once gushed out refreshing waters.

Almost timidly did Katy look into her husband's face when he returned home. Every hour during his absence, and almost every minute of every hour, had she thought of his depreciating words; and she felt that

he, too, must be thinking of them all the time, and with something of disappointment, if not alienation. But, she was in error, here. Edward had forgotten them almost as soon as uttered; and nothing would have surprised him more than the fact that Katy was grieving over them. He met her with the most ardent of kisses, the sweetest of smiles, and the tenderest of words; and she was happy again.

But, the evening did not pass wholly free from shadows. Edward was coming more and more in the true external of his character, which had many aspects not yet seen by his wife. He had selfish qualities, as all men have, and peculiarities, that, to some, would show themselves as offenses. One fault was impatience. This he had repressed, though often under strong temptation to let his feelings leap into unseemly words. He was, moreover, a man disposed to musing in silence. His business fully occupied his thoughts during business hours, and intruded itself even into the times and seasons that should have been sacred to domestic peace. A thorough mercantile education had given him habits of order and punctuality. He was one of your minute men. Orderly, punctual, a little sarcastic, and impatient! Ah, Katy Cleveland! you have a trial before you with this husband of yours, who is far from being the perfect man your girlish imagination pictured. And yet, he loves you as the apple of his eye, and would, on no account, give you pain.

"There it is again!" Edward had gone to the bookcase which stood in their sitting-room, to get a volume. Vexation was apparent in his tones.

"What's the matter?" inquired Katy, whose heart began to beat quicker.

"Who is it that disarranges these books so shockingly?"

"No one, dear. No body touches them but myself," replied Katy.

"Then it is time you had learned a little order. Just look here! Do you

see this volume of Byron upside down, and out of its place in the series? And here are two books laid on the tops of others, instead of being set in upon the shelf, and here is another with the front, instead of the back turned outward. Such disorder annoys me terribly! Of all things, I like to see order; and most of all in a woman. I hardly expected to find it so seriously lacking in my wife!"

Edward was annoyed, and did not very carefully modulate his tones. They struck very harshly, and with an angry intonation, upon the ears of Katy, whose heart was too full to permit her to make an answer.

"The fact is," continued Edward, "I am a little disappointed in you."

Ah! This was too bad! The blow given, with not a thought of its force, reached instantly the fountain of tears, and they gushed in a flood over the cheeks of Katy.

Now, what had Edward said to occasion such a burst of grief? He was not conscious of cruel words. Only lightly had he laid his hand upon her—lightly if not lovingly—and this was the effect! Must he never speak out when he saw affairs go wrong? Must he let all things fall into disorder, and yet hold his peace? This was asking too much. It was unreasonable.

"Katy!" he spoke rather sternly, "I thought you a reasonable woman. But, all this is very unreasonable!"

Now, Katy, for all her sensitiveness, had some spirit; and there was sufficient pride in her heart to cause it, even in pain, to lift itself indignantly against the one who thrust at her too sharply—even if that one were her husband. Her tears ceased to flow, and she made answer.

"And I thought you a kind and reasonable man!"

People who utter harsh words usually evince surprise—often indignation—when coin of like quality is returned to them in exchange. Edward Cleveland was for the moment or two half confounded at this

unlooked-for response. He had, in as mild a way as possible, (?) pointed out a disorderly habit that was exceedingly annoying, and, lo! his wife assumed an air of injured innocence!

"And pray, madam, in what respect have I shown myself lacking in kindness and reason?"

Edward turned full upon his wife, as he made this interrogation, and looked with knit brows into her face.

"In making the position of two or three books on a library shelf of more importance than a kind and gentle demeanor toward your wife, who has no thought or wish but to please you."

Well and timely spoken, Katy Cleveland! There are always two sides to every question — two aspects in which to view all misunderstandings between individuals, husband and wife not excepted. Far better it was to give Edward this revelation of your thoughts, than to hide them away from his perceptions, and leave him under the wayward influence of his own partial views. It was a statement of the case altogether unexpected; yet so forcibly put that the young husband found himself shamed by an irresistible conviction of wrong.

"Right, Katy, dear!"

It took a few moments for common sense and kind feelings to overcome the young man's pride. But the closing sentence of his wife had dispelled his trifling anger, and left but small resistance. He spoke cheerfully, even tenderly — shutting the bookcase door at the same moment — and drawing an arm around her waist, pressed her closely to his side.

"Yes; you are right, darling!" he said. "The position of a book is a small matter compared to words and tones that make the heart bound with pleasure, or flutter in pain. These little things annoy me, sometimes. It is a weakness. But I will overcome it, and never speak to you in unkindness again, though every book in the house be scattered on the floors."

Katy smiled lovingly into his face, through eyes that swam in tears.

"I did not dream that such things annoyed you, Edward," she made answer. "Father never seemed to notice them; though mother has scolded a great deal about my want of order."

"Men are different in this respect. Any thing in disorder is sure to disturb me. I have many times wished it were otherwise. But, habits are strong."

"Bear with me a little while," Katy made answer, "and I will endeavor to reform my bad habits. Want of order is, I believe, one of my most serious failings; but it shall not stand between me and my good husband, as an originator of strife. Only Edward —"

The young wife paused. A slight unsteadiness of voice betrayed itself on the last word.

"Say on, love. Only what?"

"Have patience with me. New lessons are not learned in a day. I shall often forget — often act but imperfectly."

"And will you have patience with me also, Katy?"

"With you! In what?"

"Patience with my impatience. One of my besetting sins lies here. I feel quickly and speak quickly. When things are not just to my mind, anger stirs in my heart."

"It will be very hard for me to bear with your displeasure," said Katy, growing more serious. "If you speak to me harshly or unkindly, I shall not be able to keep back the tears. Will you have patience with them, dear?"

"Yes, yes; and kiss them away, or smile them into rainbows," replied the husband with love-like ardor.

Here was a good beginning. Katy's reaction upon Edward — a reaction that surprised herself almost as much as it surprised him — had brought him back to reason. She had held up a mirror before his eyes, and rather startled him with his own distorted image.

But, the world was not made in a day, as the old adage has it, and habits of mind are too real things to be overcome, and set aside on the first earnest effort. Katy's want of order and punctuality, and Edward's impatience, came into rather strong conflict ere a week had passed; and there were frowns and anger on one side, and tears upon the other. After a brief estrangement, good sense and right feeling brought back the discordant strings of their life into harmony again.

One of the little things that annoyed Edward Cleveland, was his wife's habit of lingering in conversation with friends, when she knew that he was waiting for her. As for instance: They were at a social party, and the hour for returning home had come. They left the parlors together, he going to the gentleman's dressing-room for his hat and overcoat, and she to one of the chambers for her bonnet and furs. Of course, he was ready first. It did not take him two minutes to draw on his coat, and take up his hat. At the end of the fourth minute, he began to think it time for Kate to make her appearance. But, Katy and an old friend were in earnest conversation about some matter in which both had an interest, and she had not at the end of five minutes even taken her bonnet from the bed. At the end of ten minutes, she said, "I must be going. Edward is waiting for me."

And she drew on her bonnet and tied the strings.

"How becoming!" said the friend, referring to the bonnet. "I never saw you look so well in any thing."

This turned their talk into a new channel, and five minutes more were consumed; at the end of which period, Katy said, as she took up hastily her furs:

"I'm forgetting myself! Edward is waiting."

But, the friend started a new subject, and five minutes more were consumed. When Katy came, at last,

with slow steps, talking still to her friend, and her husband met her on the stairs — she saw that his face was clouded. To him, the time he had been walking impatiently the dressing-room floor seemed full an hour; to her, the time she had been chatting with a friend, not over five minutes.

Edward was able to keep back from his tongue an indignant rebuke only long enough to get fairly out of the house. Then he said:

"Katy! This is insufferable! And if you treat me so again, I'll leave you to get home as best you can!"

Upon the pleasant state of feeling left by the evening's social recreations, what a chilling pall was this to fling! Katy had drawn her hand within his arm, and was leaning toward him; but, the pressure of her hand relaxed instantly.

"More than half an hour have you kept me waiting, with my heavy coat on, momentarily expecting you to appear!"

"No, Edward! it was not ten minutes," replied Katy, in a husky voice.

"Beg your pardon! It was three times ten minutes! But, one ten would have been more than twice too long. I never saw such a thoughtless creature!"

Katy had done wrong, and she saw it; but, not to an extent that warranted such an angry state of feeling in her husband. The time she had talked with her friend passed so quickly, that she could not believe more than ten minutes had flown away — but even to keep her husband waiting, under the circumstances, for ten minutes, she felt to be wrong; and had he not spoken so angrily, she would have acknowledged her error, and promised never again to offend in a similar way. As it was, she simply remained silent, while he, in the excitement of his unhappy state, added other words of rebuke no more carefully chosen.

It was very, very hard, under the circumstances, for Katy, suffering as

she was from the indignant rebuke of her husband, to think clearly, and feel rightly. The punishment was, in her view, altogether beyond the offense. He talked on; but she remained silent.

At last, he began to feel that he was saying too much. Katy had not meant to offend him. Hers was only a thoughtless act, which his impatience had magnified into a crime, and which he had punished as if it had been a crime. Had his young wife given way to her feelings, she would have wept herself to sleep that night, refusing to be comforted. But, there was common sense, right feeling, and a great deal of true perception in that thoughtless little brain of hers. She knew that her husband loved her; and she knew that she had done wrong in trespassing on his naturally impatient disposition. So, as soon as they were home, and she could say what was in her thought in a manner to give it the right effect, she spoke to him these words, in a low voice, that slightly trembled:

"Edward, forgive my thoughtlessness. I will try and not offend you again in this particular. And forgive, also, the frankness that accuses you of a far greater wrong than mine. I do not remember any thing in the marriage contract, to which we both assented, that gave either of us the right to be angry with, or to speak harshly to the other. We pledged mutual loves, forbearance and kind offices; and little things, no matter how annoying, should not make us forgetful of our pledges. I was wrong—very wrong—but wrong from thoughtlessness. Oh, Edward! if you had only spoken of it in kind remonstrance, I would have seen my error quite as clearly, and resolved to do better quite as earnestly; and loving instead of painful emotions would have trembled in my heart. It is not good for us to be angry with one another. The trite old precept of bear and forbear, must never be forgotten, if we would be happy together. I am not perfect,

and can not attain perfection in a day. Bear, then, with my infirmities, for the sake of the love in my heart—a love that, to save you, dear husband! would smile even in the face of death! Such love should cover a multitude of small offenses!"

Edward Cleveland caught his young wife to his heart, and while he held her there tightly, covered her lips with kisses.

"Oh, these little things! These little things!" he said. "How like foxes do they spoil our tender grapes! But, dear Katy! it must no longer be. Do not try my faulty patience overmuch, and I will hold my hand hard against the weaknesses of character which have, already, troubled our peace."

"Speak freely and frankly, Edward," was the reply; "only speak kindly. I will never of set purpose give pain or annoyance. The dearest wish of my heart is to make you happy; the light of my life is in your loving smiles."

It was far better thus to understand each other. A world of unhappiness in the future Katy saved herself and husband. A true word, firmly spoken, will bring a man to reason quicker than a gallon of tears. Calm, firm remonstrance, is always better in a wife, than weeping or moody silence. The first a husband can understand; to the latter he has no key of interpretation.

Many trials had Katy, with her order-loving, impatient husband; but she knew his heart to be full of love for her, and the little things that some wives would have magnified into barriers of separation, she swept aside with a gentle hand, and set herself to the work of preventing their future interpositions. She had her reward.—*Arthur's Home Magazine.*

"FAITH is the Samsonian lock of the Christian. Cut that off, and you may put out his eyes—and he can do nothing."—*Spurgeon.*

TO MY SISTER.

I AM thinking now, my Sister dear,
Of the days when we were young,
When all the friends we loved were near,
And our home with music rung.
Around our hearthstone warm and bright,
A family group we gathered there,
And though Time swiftly winged his flight,
To our happy hearts he ne'er brought a
care.

And that dear home was a farm-house old,
Guarded by the locust trees,
Whose perfume in the bright month of
June,
Loaded down the balmy breeze.
And dost thou remember the little brook
Where we often went to play,
Gathering the flowers along its bank,
Which we found in early May?

In that happy home were merry hearts,
And the days swiftly passed away,
And we took no thought of the busy parts
In Life's drama, acted each day.
And we ne'er thought in those childhood
hours
That Time would ever mark with *change*,
Blasting the hopes, and early flowers
Which Fancy cherished in its range.

But how those scenes have sadly changed:
That Mother who always welcomed us
there
With loving words and gentle smiles,
Ever ready our childhood griefs to share,
Was also loved by the angels in Heaven,
And they who mourned her lengthened
stay,
Besought the "*Great I am*," who rules our
destinies,
To call her from this earth away.

And that Father, then in his manhood
strong,
Has passed to the old man gray;
And though it may our heart-strings wring,
We know he is passing away.
A brother loved and a sister dear,
Have gone to the spirit land
Since the time when we were gathered
there,
A loving and happy band.

And those who are left are scattered afar —
Not one remains in the dear old home;
Brothers and sisters have wandered away —
All have left it deserted and lone.
It is sad to think of our broken band,
But be thy prayers as is my own,
That we all may meet in that happy
Land,
Where pain and parting never is known.
LOUIS.

HOME.

BY KATE CAROL.

Oh! tell me not that the theme is worn,
And of home we may not write,
For thither oft the spirit is borne,
And there it *will* roam to-night!

To home of our childhood, dearer now,
Than when at our mother's side
We were taught in lowliness to bow,
And pray that no ill betide.

The cherished ones, who were nurtured there
By parents passed to the sky;
That all at last might be garnered where
No tear ever dims the eye.

Oh! tell us not that "old is the theme,"
For memory lingers oft,
Where later near by a rippling stream
We dwelt in our own loved cot:

Where hand in hand we were borne adown
Life's ever varying tide;
With a fondly loved and gentle one,
In our home the brook beside.

That spot endeared by a fragile flower,
Which we proudly called our own,
Till, soon it lay in a shady bower,
Near by our own cottage home.

Oh! tell us not that we may not write
Of the theme we love the best;
While steadily points yon beacon light
To a home among the blest.

That home, where after life's fitful dream
The weary and worn repose,
And joyfully chant the exulting theme —
Redemption from all earth's woes.

February, 1857.

THE DEPARTED.

WHERE'S the snow — the summer snow —
On the lovely lily flower?
Where the hues of sunset shed
O'er the rose's crimson hour?
Where's the gold — the bright pure gold —
O'er the young laburnum flung?
And the fragrant sighs that breathed
Whence the hyacinth drooping hung?
Gone, gone — they are all gone!

Maiden, lovelier than the spring,
Is thy bloom departed too?
Has thy cheek forgot its rose,
Or thine eye its April blue?
Where are thy sweet bursts of song?
Where the wreaths that bound thy hair?
Where the thousand prisoner curls?
And the sunny smiles are — where?
Gone, gone — they are all gone!

MADAM GUYON.

BY MRS. C. A. HALBERT.

(Concluded.)

WHEN Madam Guyon was twenty-two years old she had the small-pox. This fearful disease was not then robbed of its terrors by vaccination. She had it in its most malignant form, so that her whole body became a fearful and loathsome spectacle. Her friends came around her bedside, loudly condoling with her in the loss of her beauty. They imagined that she would be inconsolable, and were astonished to hear only expressions of thankfulness and praise from her lips. Her piety was now severely tested. Could she cheerfully relinquish charms so prized in society, and wear with equanimity and cheerfulness a face disfigured and rendered almost repulsive by her terrible malady.

We learn that she was able to rejoice even at the loss of that which had so often proved a snare and temptation to her. Lying on her couch of pain, her soul was filled with ineffable peace. "I praised God," she says, "in profound silence. * * * When I had so far recovered as to be able to sit up in my bed, I ordered a mirror to be brought, and indulged my curiosity so far as to view myself in it. I was no longer what I once was. It was then that I saw that my Heavenly Father had not been unfaithful in his work, but had ordered it in all its reality."

An affliction heavier than the loss of beauty awaited her recovery. Her youngest son, the consolation of her domestic life, and a boy of great promise, was seized with the same disorder, and she soon followed him to the tomb. Ten years had not elapsed when her father died so suddenly, that she was unable to reach him to receive his blessing. She felt this blow the more keenly, because he was the only member of her family who fully sympathized with her feelings, or appreciated the elevated motives which had induced her withdrawal from the

world. Thus one idol after another was demolished, that, torn from all human props, she might cling wholly to Him whom she had chosen as her portion. One by one the lights of home were put out, and life looked cold and dim before her, but the lamp of Divine Love burned unconsumed in her inmost soul.

God next tried her by the withdrawal of that Heavenly light which had consoled her hitherto. This experience was more bitter than the loss of friends, and it was long before she was able to understand it — long before she learned to walk by faith instead of sight, and to resign God's gifts that she might receive the Giver. This season of darkness lasted more than six years. She emerged from the long eclipse with a purified brightness. From this time her soul entered into peace. The heartiness of her consecration had been established by many infallible proofs, and we do not learn that the discipline was ever repeated. Outward trials multiplied about her, persecutions and imprisonment awaited her, calamities cruel as death followed her everywhere, but far within its own purified sanctuary her soul abode in serene and joyful peace.

She now began to lay aside those austerities with which she had burdened herself in the earlier stages of her experience. She attached to these a significance very different from that commonly received by Catholics, and was as far as Luther from holding the doctrine of justification by works. Upon this point she guarded her language with great care, making an important distinction between meritorious and disciplinary penance. She regarded acts of mortification as useful only for a time, and to subdue inordinate propensities.

"It is impossible," she says, "to subdue the inordinate action of this part of our nature, (the appetites,) perverted as it is by long habits of vicious indulgence, unless we deny it for a time the smallest relaxation. Deny it firmly that which gives it pleasure ;

and, if it be necessary, give to it that which disgusts, and persevere in this course, until, in a certain sense it has no choice in any thing which is presented to it. * * * From this time, when the senses have ceased from their inordinate action, we should permit them to accept, with indifference and equanimity of mind, whatever the Lord sees fit in his Providence to give them—the pleasant and the unpleasant, the sweet and the bitter.”

About this time an incident occurred, which showed Madam Guyon's readiness to turn herself to worldly affairs when the occasion demanded. A suit was brought against her husband for the recovery of two hundred thousand *livres*, which, it was unjustly pretended, were due to certain parties from Madam Guyon and her younger brother. The Duke of Orleans, brother to the king, was induced to espouse the cause of the claimants, and M. Guyon thought it hopeless to contend against an influence so powerful, and revenged himself by venting his ill-humor on his uncomplaining wife. She resolved to apply herself personally to the judges for relief.

On the day of trial she nerved herself for her trying task. “I was wonderfully assisted,” she tells us, “to understand and explain the windings of this business. The judge whom I first visited, was so surprised to see the affair so different from what he thought it before, that he himself exhorted me to see the other judges, and especially the Intendant, or presiding judge, who was just then going to the court, and was quite misinformed about the matter. God enabled me to manifest the truth in so clear a light, and gave such power to my words, that the Intendant thanked me for having so seasonably come to undeceive and set him to rights in the affair. He assured me that if I had not taken this course, the cause would have been lost.” Her husband, she adds, was exceedingly pleased at what she had done.

The year 1676 brought great changes

to Madam Guyon. Her husband had long been feeble, and death was evidently approaching. In this solemn crisis she could no longer bear an estrangement, and resolved to make one more effort toward a reconciliation. Approaching his bedside just as he awoke from a refreshing sleep, she knelt down and asked his pardon for her faults toward him. She assured him that, however much she might have erred, she had never intentionally displeased him. He received her confession with the greatest emotion, and exclaimed, “It is I who have done wrong rather than yourself. It is I who beg *your* pardon. I did not deserve you.”

Most auspicious was this reconciliation to the dying man. With it the softening influences of the Spirit seemed to drop upon his heart, and he turned eagerly for religious instruction to her whom he had reviled. Seated by that bedside, whence no harsh command of jealous mother-in-law could now drive her, she became both nurse and spiritual guide to her husband. For nearly a month preceding his death she seldom left his side, seizing such intervals of ease as his disorder left him. She unfolded the plan of salvation with an earnestness and unction which carried conviction to his soul. As the shadows of earth gathered around him, the peace of God descended into his heart. He died July, 1676.

Madam Guyon, whose varied experience of life would seem to cover many more years, was but twenty-eight when her husband died. A new class of duties now rested upon her, calculated still further to test her piety which, fortified against pleasure, might still fall before the entanglements of business. The settlement of her husband's large estate devolved mainly upon her, and was rendered difficult by the negligence into which his affairs had fallen during his long sickness. Madam Guyon was very little acquainted with business, and wholly ignorant of the forms of legal procedure.

She entered upon her duties with characteristic ardor, and, from her great clearness of intellect, was soon able to understand all its intricacies. She arranged her husband's papers with accuracy, paid the legacies, provided for the claims, and administered the estate in a manner highly satisfactory to all concerned. Her success procured her much commendation from her friends, and a reputation for great abilities.

Another affair, growing out of the settlement of the estate, still further illustrates her character. A large amount of property was in dispute between various individuals in her neighborhood. The parties, over twenty in number, had submitted their claims to M. Guyon for adjudication. The papers were still in his hands, and partly examined when increasing infirmities obliged him to lay aside the onerous task. After his death, his widow wished to return these papers, but was unanimously urged to step into the place of her deceased husband, and decide the matter. A proposal so novel would have been at once rejected had she not foreseen that great embarrassment would follow her refusal, and perhaps the ruin of some of her friends. For thirty days she devoted herself to the investigation of the case, stopping for nothing but meals and worship. Having drawn up her decision in writing, she placed it in the hands of the parties. They accepted without reading it. When it was read all parties were satisfied with it, and lauded Madam Guyon as a second Solomon.

She continued to reside at the mansion of her late husband. Her mother retained her implacable enmity. Even the dread presence of death had not softened that stern cold heart, but rather fixed it in its sullen and relentless hatred. Gladly would Madam Guyon have taken her little ones and left that house of bondage, but she felt it her duty to make one more attempt toward a reconciliation. On the first Christmas morning after her husband's death, she approached her with every

mark of affection and said, "My mother, on this day was the King of Peace born. He came into the world to bring peace to us. In his name I beg peace of you." The mother remained immovable, and soon after gave her daughter formal notice "that they could no longer live together." Gladly did she accept the intimation. Silently and quietly she withdrew from the house where, for twelve years, she had borne the most trying humiliations. She had suffered in silence — she left without reproach. Gathering her little flock about her she went out in the depths of winter to seek such accommodations as she could at that season find.

For the first time since her childhood she now found herself in a position to follow her inclinations. Emancipated from the surveillance of jealous eyes, she began a life of quiet enjoyment, living in great retirement, and seldom going out except on some mission of charity. Even such labors, her health, enfeebled by long suffering and constant attendance on her sick husband, did not permit her to seek to much extent, but personal appeals she never rejected. On one occasion she learned that a disabled soldier was lying sick by the roadside near her house. She had him brought in, and although he was a debased and loathsome creature, she did not hesitate to nurse him herself, and to watch over him with the tenderness of a sister for the few weeks that he survived.

Freed from all interference, Madam Guyon addressed herself to the education of her children. Here, as everywhere, she manifested the energy of her character, and her fruitful mind suggested many new ways of arousing their enthusiasm. She found her own education deficient, especially in Latin, then so material to the scholar. Instantly she commenced repairing the defect, and placed herself under the instructions of her eldest son's tutor. She was soon able to read understandingly in the mother tongue of the church, and thus to avail herself of

the rich stores of devotional literature of which the Latin was the sole depository.

The first four years of her widowhood require no special mention. Outwardly they were the most peaceful of her whole life. Inwardly she was still suffering that dearth of spiritual life which she calls her season of privation. Of her joyful deliverance from this state we have already spoken. Entering upon this higher stage of Christian experience, her first impulse was to retire into a convent, where she might devote herself wholly to meditation and charity. Inviting as such a course seemed to her in her present elevated frame of mind, the welfare of her children forbade its immediate indulgence.

It was at this time, in consequence of the numerous offers of marriage which were made her, that she came to a final decision of a subject so materially affecting the interests of her family. She says, "There was one person, in particular, whose high birth and amiable exterior qualities, might, under other circumstances, have had an influence on my inclinations. But I was resolved to be God's alone."

Madam Guyon was delightfully located in the suburbs of Paris, with all the refined luxuries of wealth at her command, surrounded by her children, and courted by the most cultivated society in the world. But she could not rest in this pleasant land. Thoughts of a foreign mission, perhaps to Siam, where her cousin had labored, seem to have suggested themselves. She carefully watched the developments of Providence, and was led by some striking indications to decide upon Savoy as the field of her labors. There, among the inhospitable fastnesses of the Alps, she determined to toil, sharing the privations of its humble peasantry and ministering to their spiritual wants. During the winter previous to her departure, remarkable as a season of great scarcity in France, she was instrumental in relieving much distress. For several weeks she distributed several hundred loaves of bread from her own door, besides other more private

contributions. Yet she tells us that God so blessed her alms that her own family lost nothing by them. Her preparations for leaving Paris were made with careful reference to the welfare of her children. The two boys were committed to the care of persons well qualified to superintend their education. Wise precautions were taken for the security of their property, for their mother had no intention of encroaching on their part of their father's estate in the furtherance of her benevolent aims. She even assigned to them a part of her own share. She did not part from her sons without deep sadness. She had many doubts as to the propriety of leaving them even to the most judicious guardianship, but on the whole the will of God seemed to her plainly expressed. Her little daughter accompanied her. They left Paris July, 1681. As they floated down the Seine an affecting incident occurred. The little girl busied herself in cutting the leaves and twigs which she snatched from the river bank into crosses. After a while she came to her mother, and silently attached them to her dress. A female attendant who watched her said, "My pretty child, give me some crosses too." "No!" replied the prattler, "they are all for my dear mother." Madam Guyon, who sat lost in thought, did not at first observe her, but seeing herself covered with crosses, was struck with the ominous portent. Soon the little girl was again at work weaving a crown of river blossoms. When it was finished, she placed it softly on her mother's head, saying, "After the cross you shall be crowned."

After a fatiguing journey the wanderers arrived at Gex, a small city twelve miles from Geneva, and took lodgings at the House of the Sisters of Charity. Madam Guyon had met D'Aranthon, Bishop of Geneva, in Paris, and gained his hearty approval of her plans. In settling at Gex she had marked out no definite course, but left herself free to follow Providential leadings. She made no noisy demonstrations, but waited quietly to see

what the Lord would have her do. Very soon the noiseless presence of the gentle stranger began to be felt in the town. Her bounty diffused smiles in many an humble dwelling. Her costly ointments, which she compounded with peculiar skill, were freely dispensed to the wounded and disabled poor. At one time she contemplated devoting her whole time to the lowly offices of a nurse. Her influence on the Community with whom she dwelt was great, and many of the Sisters attributed their first impulse toward a higher sanctification to her conversations. Gradually her sphere opened before her. The mysterious voice which had been whispering in her heart for so many years began to utter itself. What the Spirit had been fourteen years in unfolding to her she was now to proclaim to others. *Christian Sanctification*, wrought in the soul by faith, to be sought after and expected in the present life, was the doctrine which Madam Guyon taught, and for which she was about to suffer. Little did she dream as she sat in her quiet room, conversing with those who sought her on the union of saints with their Head, and the blessedness of losing the will, that her teachings were wholly at variance with the spirit of that church of which she was an humble daughter. Little did she suspect that she was propounding heresies of which the Holy See was less tolerant than of the greatest crimes,—heresies which had piled faggots and crimsoned stakes.

No sooner were these sentiments repeated to the worthy but narrow-minded D'Aranthon than he took alarm. As a good son of the church he could not rest. He called to his aid Father La Comb, the religious director of Madam Guyon, and desired him to interpose his spiritual authority to close her mouth. La Comb, who had become himself deeply imbued with the same sentiments, respectfully but firmly declined to interfere. The bishop himself was wholly unable to resist the eloquence of her words when in her presence, but his favorable feelings were

soon dispelled by the insinuations of those about him. Still he was unwilling to lose the benefit of her munificent charities to his diocese, and formed a plan to meet the exigencies of the case, most sagacious in his own eyes. Could she be persuaded to endow a religious House at Gex, and to become herself its prioress, her wealth might be secured to the church, while her vast energies would be directed into such channels as should stifle all inclinations to dogmatic teachings. She perceived the snare, and, although she would have found no difficulty in relinquishing that property of which she considered herself only stewardess, she was unwilling to do any thing which should embarrass her in the free expression of her convictions. This decision alienated the bishop still more, and determined him to effect her removal. Her situation became every day more unpleasant. An active hostility sprang up in the Community, which was fostered by the foulest aspersions of her character and designs. Some of the Sisters who had once been loud in her praise became jealous of her growing influence, and readily seconded the wishes of their bishop. It was in their power to cause her many annoyances. Frightful apparitions were made to appear at her windows in the night, and the sashes were broken in. Her two waiting-maids, whom she had brought from Paris, and whose services she had relinquished in part to the Community, were not allowed to render her any aid, so that she was compelled to perform herself those menial labors for which her health and former habits unfitted her. Her letters were intercepted, opened and used for mischievous ends. Thus all prospect of present usefulness being destroyed, Madam Guyon resolved to leave Gex.

In the early spring of 1682, a little boat bore herself, daughter and maids, across the placid Leman, to the pleasant town of Thenon, on the opposite shore. There La Comb resided, the only person who fully sympathized with her views, and understood her

character. She looked to him for counsel respecting her future movements. She found him just leaving on a long journey, and quite uncertain whether he might not be detained at Rome, where he was carefully watched, expressing his regret in leaving at this trying conjuncture. She replied, "My father, your departure gives me no pain. When God aids me through his creatures, I am thankful for it. But I value their instrumentality and aid only as they are subordinate to God's glory, and come in God's order. When God sees fit to withdraw the consolations and aids of his people I am satisfied to do without them. But much as I should value your presence in this season of trial, I am very well content never to see you again if such be God's will." Such dispositions were the fruit of those sentiments for which she was denounced!

Some rumor of Madam Guyon's remarkable character had probably preceded her, for her rooms at the convent were soon filled with eager inquiries after this new doctrine of the interior life. She turned no one empty from her door. Many who had long felt the deadness of mere ceremonies, and were darkly groping toward the liberty of the gospel, heard, from her eloquent lips, the Word that giveth life. A few came to cavil, but most of her visitors were honest inquirers. A great work commenced in Thenon. The new doctrine was everywhere spoken of. Young girls formed themselves into little circles for religious improvement, one reading while the rest pursued their humble tasks. Madam Guyon saw the seed springing up with a quiet gladness, but her heart was not lifted up. Said a friend: "The whole town commends you." "Observe," she replied, "what I now tell you, that you will hear curses out of the same mouths, which at present pronounce blessings."

After a residence of two years in the Convent, she was obliged, by the infirm state of her health, to seek a dwelling at a greater distance from the water. She thus describes her next

home, it being the only one she could procure in the desired locality. "It had a look of the greatest poverty. It had no chimney except in the kitchen, through which one was obliged to pass to go the chamber. I took my daughter with me and gave up the largest chamber to her, and the maid who took care of her. The chamber which I reserved to myself was a very small one, and I ascended to it by means of a ladder. Having no furniture of my own except some beds, which were quite plain and homely, I bought a few cheap chairs, and such articles of earthen and wooden ware as were necessary. I fancied every thing better on wood than on plate. Never did I enjoy greater content than in this hovel. It seemed to me entirely conformable to the littleness and simplicity which characterize the true life in Christ."

The Bishop, within whose diocese she still resided, continued his persecutions. He complained that she won every body to her side. Although leading a perfectly retired life, she did not long remain unmolested. The rabble were set upon her steps, so that her personal safety was endangered. Her little garden was ravaged in the night, and her windows were broken with stones which fell at her feet. Threats of violence were heard in the darkness, but a Divine Hand restrained the ruffians from breaking into the little asylum of unprotected females. During these disturbances, Madam Guyon rested in perfect peace. She accepted the evil and the good with the same calmness of spirit. It is thus that she records her emotions: "The love of God, and of God alone was my soul's great business. I seemed so entirely lost in God, as to have no sight of myself at all. It seemed as if my heart never came out of that Divine ocean. Oh! loss, which is the consummation of happiness, though operating through crosses and deaths."

Driven from Savoy, Madam Guyon turned toward Piedmont, accompanied by her little family and one or two

ecclesiasties. She ascended the Alps by a route both tedious and perilous, and reached Turin in safety. She had been invited hither by the Marchioness of Prunai, a lady of very high rank, whose early history, trials and religious views corresponded remarkably with her own. This eminent person had long watched the course of her French sister with admiration, and welcomed her warmly to her mansion.

In this refined Christian home Madam Guyon rested a few months. With returning health she found herself longing for France, and strengthened to enter upon those labors and sufferings which yet remained unaccomplished. The following autumn we find her at Grenoble, a city of considerable size. There the early scenes of Thenon were repeated with even greater power. Her rooms were so crowded daily with persons desiring religious conversation, that she scarcely found time to eat. Persons of every rank in church and state, as well as the lowly and obscure, testified to the wonderful unction with which the truth flowed from her lips. "Marvelous indeed," she tells us, "was the work of the Lord."

Although Madam Guyon's proceedings were attended with some publicity, we do not discover that she departed from the *spirit* of female decorum. Her interviews were private and informal, and she conversed with those present separately or unitedly as her judgment dictated.

While at Grenoble she composed a little Manual of Prayer which embodied her peculiar views, and was afterward honored with ecclesiastical censure. Another work, entitled "Spiritual Torrents," was composed still earlier. In it she traces the growth of grace in the soul under the figure of streams, which rise from some obscure stream in the mountains, and move on with ever increasing volume and momentum to the sea. She was author of more than forty volumes, some of which passed through many editions. Her commentaries on the Bible

were written at night, in time stolen from sleep. In their composition she believed herself under the special illumination of the Spirit, and wrote only while the supposed Divine impulse lasted. Her writings exhibit great eloquence, force of conception, and power of illustration.

Madam Guyon was not long suffered to labor unmolested. The former persecutions were renewed, and it was thought best for her to leave the city for a time. Unwilling that her daughter should share her hardships, she left her in the care of her faithful maid, while she turned her fugitive steps toward Marseilles. She landed in that ancient town one spring morning in 1685, and before night "all was in uproar against her." A legion of enemies could scarcely have produced greater consternation, than this solitary, defenseless woman. We can not stop to trace all the causes of this opposition. It originated in the jealousy of the clergy, who had begun to snuff heresy in the very air around her. In eight days she was again a wanderer, seeking an asylum with her beloved Marchioness at Turin.

By a strange series of disasters she was driven hither and thither, till she began to feel that earth had no resting place for her weary foot. Her heart was very sad. Affectingly does she describe her emotions: "Alone as it were in the world, forsaken of all human help, and not knowing what God required of me, I saw myself without refuge or retreat, wandering like a vagabond on the face of the earth. I walked in the streets; I saw the tradesmen busy in the shops; all seemed to me to be happy in having a home—a dwelling place to which they could retire. I felt sadly that there was none for me."

Passing over some eventful months, in which she experienced marvelous interpositions of Providence, we find her again in Paris, after an absence of five years. Gladly she gathered her divided family about her, and resumed her quiet domestic life. The history

of her missionary labors had preceded her, and opened to her many Christian hearts. These new friends were many of them of the highest rank, and led her into a sphere still above that in which she had formerly moved.

About a year after her return, La Comb, who had accompanied her to Paris, and was greatly distinguished for his eloquence and sanctity, was thrown into the Bastile. Heresy was the ground of his cruel imprisonment. Madam Guyon felt keen sorrow on his account, more especially because she had led him to entertain those views for which he suffered. He was never released, but, after twenty-seven years of patient suffering joined the glorious company of martyrs above.

Madam Guyon well knew that the blow which had fallen on La Comb, hung suspended over her own head. Several who sympathized with her had been banished; and the king, grown bigot in his old age, was becoming uneasy at the prospect of a new heresy springing up under his eye, and in his own capital. He ordered that the person of Madam Guyon should be secured. She was carried to the Convent of St. Marie, and shut up in a small room, with a stern and morose nun for her jailor.

The only thing that really affected her in this imprisonment was the separation from her family. She earnestly begged that her young daughter might remain with her, but her enemies bore the child away with malicious satisfaction. Her apartment was so situated as to admit the full glare of the summer's sun, and her health soon gave way under the distressing heat and confinement, so that she nearly died for want of care. A servant and physician were at length granted, and she recovered. She relieved the monotony of her existence by composing hymns, writing her autobiography, and corresponding with her friends. She sustained several judicial examinations, which, so far from eliciting any thing against her, rather impressed her judges in her favor.

She was long kept in ignorance of her daughter's abode, and discovered it at last only to learn that attempts were being made to force her into a marriage with a man of profligate and irreligious life. The king approved the project, but required the consent of her mother. Madam Guyon was promised her liberty if she would grant her sanction. She rejected the tempting offer with indignation, although with the prospect that her captivity would be rendered perpetual.

At length, through the powerful intercession of Madam De Maintenon, she was released in the autumn of 1688. She was received with open arms by her former friends. The powerful lady to whom she owed her deliverance sought her acquaintance, and honored her with much attention.

In the year 1690, Mademoiselle Guyon, then fifteen years old, was married to the Count de Vaux, a man whose principles and character met the cordial approbation of her mother. The happy settlement of this dear child afforded her great satisfaction. She had bestowed unwearied care on her training, and, as she opened into womanhood, was comforted in finding the sweet promise of her childhood fulfilled. For some time mother and daughter resided together at the country house of the Count.

It is at this point that the life of Madam Guyon became connected with that of Fenelon. It is unnecessary for us to describe this eminent man, whose name is diffused like a fragrant oil through the church universal. He had long watched the course of this heroic woman, and been drawn toward her by a secret Christian sympathy. Coming to Paris soon after her release, he sought her acquaintance. They met at the house of a mutual friend, the Duchess of Charost, and held a long conversation on the subject of the interior life. The intercourse thus commenced extended over many years, and exerted a marked influence over Fenelon. Although a sincere Christian,

he had not yet reached that elevated state of consecration which he believed attainable in this life, and he had many difficulties to propose to the larger experience of his friend. She on her part labored for his more complete sanctification almost with an agony of spirit. She perceived the great designs God had for him, and believed herself the agent through whom greater grace should be imparted. Her conversations and letters had a marked influence upon him. His mind was too clear and his heart too simple in its aims to be led into any mystical illusions. While he subjected her views to a most searching analysis, he was ready with the docility of a child to receive them so far as they seemed to express the mind of the Spirit. It would be instructive to pause longer over this remarkable correspondence, for it was one of the most interesting passages in the lives of both these eminent persons.

From year to year Madam Guyon was constantly witnessing the springing of the seed she had sown with tears. The leaven of her doctrines was spreading in France. Many persons of distinction in the Catholic church were becoming imbued with its spirit. It was at work in the provinces; in Paris, at the Institution of St. Cyr, that foster child of De Maintenon, and in the very palace of the king. Sermons, preached years before by La Comb, were now bearing fruit, and the works of Madam Guyon, armed with the same power as her living words, were becoming widely circulated.

In this state of things Bossuet, the first orator and theologian of his age, and one of the highest ornaments of the church, felt it his duty to lift his ponderous arm against the growing heresy. He had passed it by with contempt so long as a woman stood at its base; but when he saw Fenelon supporting it he became alarmed. He solicited an interview with Madam Guyon, read her works, and after some months held a second protracted conversation. Bossuet raised objec-

tions to her views, and criticised the looseness of her language. He showed her that in many instances she had indulged in vagueness of expression, calculated to mislead unstable minds. She had never been subjected to so searching an examination, and trembled under the dictatorial roughness of her censor. Often she nearly lost her self-possession, but in a moment "recollecting herself in God," her serenity returned. Bossuet was, in the main, satisfied with her opinions, as explained by herself, but the public was not quieted.

A commission was next appointed by the king to examine her, of which Bossuet was the chief member. The whole subject was again renewed with great minuteness, without eliciting any thing to warrant a condemnation. Bossuet did not however seem quite satisfied. Madam Guyon offered to place herself under his special instruction, that she might be enlightened in respect to her errors. He willingly acceded, remarking to a friend that it would be as good as the Archbishopric of Paris or a cardinal's hat—thus confident was he of a speedy victory. But he was mistaken. After a residence of six months in his diocese, she returned to Paris with unshaken belief in the Scriptural nature of her doctrines. The Bishop was unable to withhold his testimony to the Christian simplicity of her life while under his observation.

No sooner was her return known, than her enemies renewed their outcry, and she was obliged to hide herself from their violence. For five months her abode remained a profound secret, unknown even to her daughter. She was then discovered by the police, and borne by royal mandate to the prison at Vincennes. The faithful maid who shared her concealment, was confined with her, and was a great consolation to her mistress. We learn how little outward circumstances were able to disturb the calm current of her happiness, from the following entry in her Autobiography:

"I passed my time in great peace, content to spend the remainder of my life there if such should be the will of God. I employed part of my time in writing religious songs; I and my maid, La Gautiere, who was with me in prison, committed them to heart as fast as I made them. Together we sang praises to Thee, Oh our God! It sometimes seemed to me as if I were a little bird, whom the Lord had placed in a cage, and that I had nothing to do now but to sing. The joy of my heart gave a brightness to the objects around me. The stones of my prison looked in my eyes like rubies."

After a captivity of nine months, Madam Guyon was transferred to Vaugirard, and allowed more freedom. The controversy respecting her doctrine had been transferred to Fenelon and Bossuet. These mighty champions fixed the eyes of the Christian world, while she who was its first expounder was nearly forgotten. But as soon as she was suffered to communicate with the world, her power began to revive. Louis regarded her with an almost superstitious dread, and determined to crush her effectually.

She was transferred to the Bastille in 1698. Of the secrets of that terrible abode we know little. Madam Guyon kept the oath of secrecy which was extorted from all prisoners at their entrance, with religious fidelity. Several commissioners were appointed to examine her from time to time, and it is recorded that she defended herself "with great ability and firmness."

The rumor of her death was circulated, and reached Fenelon, then suffering banishment for his adherence to her doctrines. He believed her beyond the need of all human vindication, or the offices of personal friendship. It was thought that he might now make his peace with his king, but with a noble disinterestedness he defended her memory in these words: "It would be infamous weakness in me to speak doubtfully in relation to

her character, in order to free myself from oppression."

After four years spent in one of the towers of the Bastille, Madam Guyon's imprisonment was exchanged for exile. So great was her influence still, that the king would not hazard her residence in Paris, and banished her to Blois, a city in the south of France.

Here terminates the historical career of Madam Guyon. For more than twenty years she had been followed by a persecution as relentless as it was unjust. She had endured all with a fortitude worthy of the martyr age. The greatest theologian of his times had met her in debate without being able to vanquish her. The first monarch in Christendom had feared her more than legions of foes. Even the Pope could be brought to give only a qualified and nugatory condemnation of her doctrines. Truth, courage, and faith had conquered.

We have little more to relate concerning Madam Guyon. She retired to Blois in the year 1703, and passed the remainder of her days in honored tranquillity. She had the satisfaction of being near her eldest son, who was married and settled in her neighborhood, and also received many visits from distinguished foreigners. Old age, hastened by want and sorrow, came prematurely upon her, and she suffered much bodily weakness. But the serenity of her soul remained unchanged. She entered into rest in the month of June, 1717.

THE race of mankind would perish did they cease to aid each other. From the time that the mother binds the child's head, till the moment that some kind assistant wipes the death-damp from the brow of the dying, we can not exist without mutual help. All, therefore, that need aid have a right to ask it from their fellow-mortals. No one who holds the power of granting can refuse without guilt.—*Sir Walter Scott.*

THE LITTLE JONESES.

I HAVE often wondered why so many of the dear little children I meet have such big sorry-looking eyes with brown circles under them, and not a bit of fresh rosiness about their complexions. I have wondered most at the little Joneses, with their dry yellow faces and skinny hands, that instead of all the winsome, fat, no-shaped chubby hands that healthy happy young ones have, are so like bony, miserly claws, made just for grabbing money; but I guess I won't wonder any more.

A sultry morning last fall, I ran in to Polly Jones' bright and early, to get her little sack pattern for Tab, and there she was was busy as a bee making up the many great puffy feather beds, and fussing around in a wood-chuck's hole of a dark room, that they call their bed-room, with the two windows closed, and her long brown hair wadded up under a winter hood, sweeping and scolding and suffocating, almost, among the dust and feathers and heat. I flung up both windows, slammed open the door, and turned in to help her scold, and in a few minutes the good-hearted impatient woman was laughing gloriously.

I told her to look up the pattern, and I would do whatever she had to do while she got it for me. She was just fixing the children off to school, and told me I might put up the dinner for them. She said she had plenty of mince pies baked, but it took one apiece for their dinners, and so they did n't last very long.

Lute began to mutter that bread and butter wasn't good enough, and that he'd starve on it, etc.; but Polly was overhauling sacks, and baskets, and wallets for the mislaid pattern, and did not hear him.

I set out a nice plate of hard yellow butter, with the cool drops like dew all over it, and took up nearly a whole loaf of moist yeast bread, and as I cut the knife into it, I said, "How many slices shall I put up for your dinner, Luty?"

He was standing by the window filling his pockets with parched corn and nuts, and looked up carelessly with his wan face and great stony eyes, saying:

"Oh, I gueth 'bout theven thli-ceth."

"Only seven, Luty?" said I, brim-full of surprise and laughter, but preserving the gravity of a deacon.

"Yeth! cauth I don't like bread and butter very well."

"Mary," said I to the little girl two years younger, who sat on the broad door-stone eating dried apples with the voracity of an ostrich, and feeding little bits to the baby on the floor, "how many slices will Rosa put up for your dinner to-day?"

"How many did Lute take?" said she, without raising her eyes.

"Only seven," I replied.

"Well, then, put in eight for me."

I dropped the knife, and away went all gravity, as I burst into a long and loud laugh.

Polly was surprised that I should laugh so heartily at such a little thing. She said that was nothing for the little Joneses, that they were wonderful hearty eaters, and yet they were so poor and yellow, and did n't seem to have any life or animation in them. She said she tried to be a good mother to them, and kept them warm and comfortable, and out of cold water, and they had excellent soft feather beds to sleep in, and two pillows apiece, and she did n't allow them to run and weary themselves, or swim or climb, or go hungry, or wake up in the night and suffer for want of something to eat. They were naturally delicate, and she gave them blue mass, or calomel, and lots of good medicines, for she wanted them to grow well and strong, and be useful men and women. Why, she started her children to school at four years of age, and they did n't learn as fast as some of her neighbor's children who had never been inside of a school-house at seven years. She thought perhaps though the reason was that teachers now-a-days did n't teach hours

enough in a day, and then allowed them a whole hour for noon.

Alas for the poor Polly Joneses! and the poor little Joneses!—*Ohio Cultivator*.

CHANGES OF TIME.

A STRAY LEAF FROM THE PORTFOLIO OF
WILLIE WARE.

ONE of the most striking features of life, is change. To-day, we enjoy the blessings of health; to-morrow, the hand of sickness is heavily laid upon us. To-day, friends gather around us; to-morrow, they are numbered with the dead. The flowers that bloom in their beauty to-day, fade and die beneath to-morrow's scorching sun.

I saw a young girl beautiful and lovely, as she gaily entered the brilliantly-lighted saloons of a princely edifice, proudly leaning on the arm of her handsome cavalier. I saw her as she was whirled past me in the giddy waltz—I saw her graceful form as it swayed to and fro in keeping with the rich music that was wafted on the midnight air. I heard a merry laugh break from those ruby lips, and a look of satisfied pride rested on her sunny countenance. She was happy then—no thought of the future entered her mind. Sickness had never visited her couch. Care had never troubled her, and she knew not what anxiety was—her only thought was how she might best while away the weary hours that, unemployed by gayety hung heavily upon her hands.

Again I saw her, but it was not at the midnight hour, and surrounded by scenes of mirth and pleasure, but it was at the early dawn of day. The glorious sun was shining brightly, but its bright rays were closely shut out of the sick chamber by the heavy drapery that hung the windows—not the faintest ray found its way to the bedside of the sick and dying. The voice of music and gladness was hushed; the heart that so lately beat

with gratified pride, now lay in the agonies of death; the countenance so lately lit with radiant smiles, now distorted by pain. Silence, deep silence, reigns, unbroken save by the cries of anguish that rise from those lips that were wont to send forth such merry peals of laughter. The gay and rich must die—alas! how true these words. Friends gather round the bedside of the dying, to take a last look of the one they love. No voice of prayer is raised in behalf of the dying, for the minister has not arrived in time, and not one among that number knows how to pray. What! not know how to pray! And can that be said of any who live in this enlightened age, with the Bible at their right hand and left? Even so, there are many—alas! that it should be so.

Shriek after shriek of agony fills the air, and with the cry of "Save—oh!—save me!" the dying girl sinks back upon her pillow lifeless. No smile of joy rests upon that countenance, but the look of pain and misery that rests upon the countenance of all who are not at peace with God.

I saw a bright and lovely babe, full of joy and innocence as he fondly and trustingly rested upon his mother's breast. He grew to manhood, and a change was wrought—a bitter change. The name of his Creator was often lightly and carelessly used; the lips that once lisped infant praises, now cursed the God who made him. He was often to be seen in the haunts of vice and wickedness.

Again I saw him—another change; he was stretched upon his dying bed; a smile of heavenly joy lit his pallid countenance. Wife and children had gathered around to receive his last blessing. Raising his feeble voice he said: "Mourn not for me. I am going home, to dwell with my Saviour who died for me. Mourn not, I say, but join me in the land of love and peace!"—and with a heavenly smile he bade adieu to earth. Time, indeed, effects a change.

BROOKLYN, 1857.

MONTHLY DIGEST OF NEWS.

HEAVY rains were remarkably prevalent during the first few days of May and the last of April. Melting the snows which had only preceded them a short time, and which still lay deep in many places, they caused numerous freshets, some of quite serious importance. The Hudson at Albany once more swelled above its banks, and for several days lay at a depth of from one to three feet in the stores on the dock, and much damage was done in the lower part of the city.

IMPORTANT information is received at Washington to the effect that the Dallas-Clarendon Treaty, as amended by the Senate, has been rejected by the British government. This announcement has taken the Administration by surprise, the tenor of Lord Napier's recent communication having rendered such a result wholly unexpected. It is understood that the principal difficulty arises from the determination of Great Britain to retain possession of the Bay Islands, which, by the terms of this treaty, are surrendered to Honduras.

HON. ROBERT J. WALKER has taken the oath of office as Governor of Kansas, and immediately left Washington for the Territory to assume the duties of his office. At a dinner-party given to him by his friends in New York, he declared his fixed determination to do every thing in his power to secure for the people of the Territory a full, free, and unbiased vote upon the Constitution which might be offered for their adoption. He believed this to be their right—a right guaranteed to them by the fundamental law of the Territory, and by the Constitution of the United States, and he should consider it not only a point of law and official duty, but a point of honor as a man and a gentleman, to do every thing in his power to secure them such a vote. The Governor's remarks were received with great favor.

AN extensive conspiracy to escape from the N. Y. State Prison at Sing Sing has just been defeated. At breakfast time on Sunday morning, May 10th, about sixty prisoners, having knocked down the guard, formed in two parties, one of which made for the river and the other for the village. They were pursued, and after a short chase every one of them was captured. No one was seriously hurt in the melee.

THE wagon roads to the Pacific which were ordered to be constructed at the last session of Congress, will, it is supposed, be completed before the close of the present year. The different corps for the execution of the work are already organized and in motion. This is the way to get a railroad, or railroads, to the Pacific in due time.

QUARANTINE.—The Legislature last winter passed a bill removing quarantine from the old locality, and the commissioners subsequently appointed to select a new location have had much difficulty in doing so. The New York people would not let it stay at Tompkinsville. The New Jersians would not let it come to Sandy Hook. The owners of Coney Island would not let it come there, because it would spoil the bathing. The people of Princess' Bay declared they would not let it come there, because it would spoil the oyster trade. Finally grounds were purchased near the latter point, and the oystermen commenced active hostilities by setting fire to the mansion and farm-houses at midnight. The buildings were completely destroyed; they were occupied at the time by nine persons, who had an almost miraculous escape. Governor King offers a reward of twenty-five thousand dollars for the arrest of the offenders.

INFORMATION has been received at the State Department at Washington from St. Paul De Loanda, that the slave trade on that coast is now flourishing. It is said that five vessels have lately left with slaves. The Congo river and its neighborhood have been the headquarters, and American gold is now quite plenty there, having been brought in vessels which clear from New York—some for Cape de Verde, and some for Loanda, but which seldom arrive at those places.

FROM THE MORMONS.—Advices have been received at St. Louis, from Salt Lake to the 25th of February. The Legislature has passed an act for the organization of militia in the territory, and a school has been opened to teach infantry and calvary tactics. The *Deseret News* has an article intending to prove that the Federal Government has no power to appoint territorial officers.

THE trial of Mrs. Cunningham, charged with the murder of Dr. Burdell of New York, has closed, and she has been acquitted. Eckel, her supposed accomplice, will also, undoubtedly, be cleared. This whole Burdell affair is a mystery of iniquity, crime, licentiousness, and murder, the particulars of which should never have been published.

CANADIAN SEAT OF GOVERNMENT.—An exchange states that the British Government transmitted dispatches this week to the Canadian Parliament, signifying Her Majesty's assent to fix the seat of Government in one of the Canadian cities. The *Montreal Herald* states that the Queen and a majority of the people in England are in favor of conferring the honor on Montreal, with the understanding that its name is to be changed to that of the "City of Victoria."

NICARAUGUA.—There can be little doubt that Walker is done for. The Costa Ricans, after sending home the entire army of filibusters, have taken possession of Punta Arenas, the sandy cape which commands the only Atlantic port of Nicaragua. They are thus able to control the transit across Nicaragua, and a territory which Costa Rica has coveted for years, and will have no difficulty in future in stopping all similar invasions of the country.

LADY FRANKLIN proposes to send out another Arctic expedition in search of her long lost husband. It is perfect madness, but "hope springs immortal in the human breast," and there may be another motive. We have heard from parties that we have reason to believe acquainted with the facts, that Lady Franklin and her husband parted on bad terms, and that it was this that induced him to engage in his unfortunate expedition. Repentance on the part of the lady, in addition to her natural love, now induces her to feel that it is her chief duty in life to make what reparation she can for her unwitting but fatal offense. If this be so, it will account for what, otherwise, would seem almost monomania. The world is full of tragedies, and not the fewest are found in domestic life.

A WRITER in the London *Lancet*, after a full discussion of the consequences of the immoderate use of tobacco, recapitulates by saying that to smoke early in the day; to smoke, as people are generally constituted, more than one or two pipes of tobacco, or one or two cigars daily; or to smoke in youth, is an injurious excess in the use of tobacco. The article concludes with this sentence: "We most earnestly desire to see the habit of smoking diminish, and we entreat the youth of this country to abandon it altogether." Mothers, see to it your sons do not fall into this most detestable habit — *using tobacco*.

THE Vicksburg *Whig* states that ninety-six thousand dollars were subscribed in that city toward purchasing a plantation for Ex-President Pierce. The sum asked for the property is one hundred thousand dollars — leaving four thousand dollars yet to be subscribed to complete the purchase.

INFORMATION has reached England that upward of ten thousand Norwegians will proceed from Norway to Quebec during the present summer. Several of these will remain in Canada, but the larger portion will pass on to the north-western States of America.

THE Hudson's Bay Company, it is stated, are to be allowed by the English government to retain their vast landed possessions, on condition that they shall give up such portions as, from time to time, may be required for the purpose of colonization.

THE Executive Committee of the N. Y. State Agricultural Society, have selected the Fort grounds of Buffalo as a suitable place for holding the State Fair.

THE piano forte was invented by J. C. Schroder, of Dresden, in 1717, and the first instrument was made in London, in 1776, by a German named Zumble.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE Grand Duke Constantine had been received with royal honors in every part of France which he had visited.

AN armistice, by last accounts, was just formed between the English and Persian troops, in prospect of peace, now probably ratified.

RUSSIA.—Letters from St. Petersburg say operations for raising the sunken vessels at Sebastopol have commenced. Sixteen have already been recovered.

ITALY.—The Austrian ambassador at Naples repeats the statement that Naples is more and more disposed to make advance toward the re-establishment of diplomatic relations with the western powers.

AUSTRIA.—The diplomatic rupture between Austria and Sardinia is now complete. As Austria will consider it beneath her dignity to recede, and Sardinia will not make the first advance, the rupture will doubtless continue.

ENGLAND.—The chief items of English news are the birth of another princess — the ninth child of Victoria — and the ceremonies of laying the foundation of the Free Library and Museum, presented to the citizens of Liverpool by William Brown, M. P.

THE Federal Council of Switzerland, by a unanimous vote, has agreed to accept the proposition of the four powers for the settlement of the Neuchatel question. The King of Prussia is to get his million francs, but the Swiss will not recognize his title as Prince of Neuchatel.

FRANCE.—A Paris letter represents Louis Napoleon as a successful mediator between Spain and Mexico, and between Turkey and Persia, and as endeavoring, in conjunction with the United States, to prevent the English contest at Canton from obstructing the commerce of other nations. Between Austria and Sardinia, too, French negotiation is at work in a friendly spirit to both.

THE latest accounts from Finland continue to give a most distressing picture of the famine raging in that unhappy country. Great sympathy is excited in Stockholm and throughout Sweden. Subscriptions are made, and balls, concerts, and theatrical representations are given for the charitable purpose of raising funds for the relief of the starving Finns. Several vessels have been chartered and laden with corn, but can not move till the ice breaks.

EDITOR'S DEPARTMENT.

WEALTH AND CHARITY.

THERE are many persons in moderate circumstances, who pass the whole duty of charity benevolently over into the hands of their more wealthy neighbors, exonerating themselves from its burdens and privileges on the ground of their narrow means. It is true that persons of very limited means are obliged to deny themselves almost wholly the pleasures of benevolence: For we must be just before we are charitable; and where the utmost care and vigilance is necessary to make the income of a family supply its real wants, there is little room for the exercise of benevolence, whatever the dictates of the heart may be.

But there is a much larger class than this, who are always reckoned as people of moderate circumstances, because their means, although not limited to the necessities of life, never get so far ahead of their daily wants and expenditures, that they can be considered otherwise than narrow; and it is to these that we refer. This class is larger than the one last mentioned, because where real poverty drives people to the exercise of constant care and economy in order to make both ends meet at the close of the year, they will either possess this care and economy or they will not. If they possess these qualities, their constant exercise thus sharpened by necessity, is apt to enable them eventually to get ahead of their circumstances, and become the possessors of property which may at last be raised to the dignity of wealth. Or, failing to possess them, they must necessarily fall behind, and drop into the class of those who are the probable recipients of charity, rather than the possible givers of it. Thus the class of those whose wants, real or imaginary, have always kept a pretty even pace with their means, and always will whatever those means may be, is more numerous than the one above or immediately below it.

Now we think that these people often look with mistaken views upon their own non-possession of property, and the possession of it by their more wealthy neighbors. In the first place, their present relative position in

regard to the good things of this world, does not by any means render it certain that those in moderate circumstances have not, if their whole lives were taken into the account, been the stewards and disposers of more of these good things than their neighbors who now possess them in a much larger proportion. This certainly is not always the case, yet it is often true; and those of whom it is true are probably the very persons who are most liberal, not only in throwing off the duty of charity upon their wealthy neighbors, but in making a grumbling mental demand upon the uses of that neighbor's wealth for their own benefit.

Probably the great burden of charitable giving always has rested, and must continue to rest most freely upon the real possessors of wealth. But the question whether some people do not make this division of duty altogether too much at random, is surely a legitimate ground of inquiry. At least it will be worth while for the man who lays no claim to the possession of a fortune, in settling his own relation to the subject, to inquire what has caused the difference in wealth between himself and his neighbor. Was it the result of a native difference of capacity which enabled him to gather of the things of this world, while they flowed through your hands, you scarce knew how, even when you would fain, with wise forethought, have suffered them to accumulate for your own or other's wants? Or has misfortune attended you in your efforts to provide for future and unforeseen wants, so that your plans have been upset by things which no foresight could have prevented? Or has no train of circumstances ever been opened to you, by a wise use of which you could have done more than to supply for yourself the daily necessities of life? Each and all of these may be a good and sufficient reason why you should be exonerated from the duty which humanity assumes, with regard to those who are perhaps only a little less fortunate than yourself.

No account will be required from us, of a stewardship which was not placed in our hands. Such people must adhere to the

homely old adage, and let their charity begin and end at home. But there are many with whom the duty of charity has never begun, even at home — with whom immediate personal self-gratification is the only law of expenditure or of liberality. And this is true, too, not only among the openly selfish and abandoned, but among professedly moral people — those who suppose they understand their own duties very thoroughly, and who speculate freely upon those of their neighbors. When this is true of a man, no other reason need be sought for the difference between his present possessions and those of his wealthy neighbors. Whatever may be said of such a man's relation to the work of benevolence abroad, the duty of charity at home rests very heavily upon him. It is as much his duty to secure the young and helpless of his household as far as possible against the chances of suffering poverty, which may be caused by death or change, as it is the duty of the husbandman to secure the harvest which the summer's sun has ripened against the winter that will surely come.

But suppose such a man has none of the helpless ones of a household dependant upon him for present support or contingency against future suffering. Is it for him to say that it is any more the duty of his wealthy neighbor to give from the abundance which he has accumulated by the constant exercise of toil and self-denial, than it is his own duty to exercise present self-denial for the sake of giving? If the man of wealth has been the carver of his own fortune, he has only accumulated it by the constant giving up of present ease and gratification, and he has done this because the possession of wealth seemed to him a greater good than these. But if present ease and self-gratification has been to you the chief good through life, is it any easier for him to give up for the purposes of benevolence a portion of that which he has made his chief good, than for you to give up a portion of yours? We do not speak of the ultimate duty of charity, but only of its relative bearings upon different people, and the manner in which we judge of our duties and those of others. For, notwithstanding the injunction of St. Paul, we do still "measure ourselves among ourselves." If every one looked properly upon

these differences in the possession of property, there would be far less envy and uncharitableness in the world than there is.

It may never have occurred to some people, that it was worth their while to exercise charity toward those above, as well as those below them in life. Not that those above us are likely to stand specially in need of our charity, but our own hearts may be very sadly in want of the exercise of this feeling. The man who finds himself rasped and annoyed continually by the display of his neighbor's wealth, is much in need of the exercise of this kind of charity. Does the pride he shows in the fine horses and carriage with which he passed you cause you to curl your lips in bitter scorn? It would be well to search to the bottom of this feeling and see whether the bitterness is not more than the scorn. If he really feels an absurd pride in his fine establishment, the possession of this pride will be a sufficient torture to him — why need it torture you? Very likely you might have possessed an equal share of wealth with him, if you had been willing to pay for it the price which he has paid. If you chose wisely then, it is wise to be contented with it now. Why should you envy him the purchase which you could, but would not make? If it seemed chaff to you, while it was grain to him, you need not growl, like the dog in the manger, over his possession of it. And if the difference between you has not depended at all upon your own choice, your manner of looking upon it should be still the same.

The possession of an over-abundance of this world's goods is but a questionable blessing. The duties and cares of wealth increase in ten-fold proportion as the wealth and the reputation of wealth increase. However it may look to those that see only the surface, we obtain no good without first paying its price. If we obtain an object without this payment it will be no good to us.

It is far easier to judge charitably of those in our station of life, whose trials and temptations are similar to our own, than of those either above or below us. We can not tell how far habit and education have rendered those things that seem luxuries to us, necessities to others. Our requirements may be just as much the result of education as theirs.

Z. . . . looks up from the hard problem he has been trying to solve, of making his income meet the wants of a trying year, and sees through the humble window the splendid mirror which is being carried into Y. . . 's house.

"What useless expenditure is that!" he exclaims, as he looks at its ornaments. "He might have spared me half the price of his mirror. It would have supplied my family with fuel for the whole year."

Try again, neighbor Z. . . . When you find that you really can not solve your problem, it will be quite time enough for Y. . . . to inquire whether he can spare some of the ornaments from his mirror for the sake of supplying you with fuel. But until that time comes you will find yourself much more warm and comfortable if warmed with your own fuel, than with the ornaments of your neighbor's furniture.

Mrs. Middleton sits between her lace curtains, and sighs that Mrs. Cræsus does not call upon her — even with her new lace curtains does not think it worth her while to call upon her. Really, Mrs. Middleton, there are very likely two thousand people in your town who are nettled in the same way with yourself, because they have failed to attract the attention of Mrs. Cræsus. Suppose Mrs. Cræsus should take her carriage and call upon and try to keep up an acquaintance with each of these two thousand. Would she not be assuming a very arduous task, and making a very improper and unnecessary use of her time? Besides, what have you done to recommend yourself to Mrs. Cræsus? You may be a very worthy person, but in what way has she been made acquainted with your worth, and of the amount she would gain by placing you upon her already numerous list of acquaintances? Have you shown it in the laborious purchase of those curtains upon which you pride yourself? And is it the curtains you wish her to recognize, or yourself? Moreover, what do you know of Mrs. Cræsus' worth as a valuable and agreeable acquaintance? Is it your knowledge on this point that makes you desire to know her so much? Or is it your knowledge of her husband's worth, as represented by the largest property in town?

Is it by the wealth, or the individual that you wish to be recognized? Possibly you are in want of a new acquaintance, but probably Mrs. Cræsus is not — for with the wealthy the list of professed friends may increase so rapidly as to make them an annoyance rather than an enjoyment.

If this is so, inasmuch as Mrs. Cræsus does not call, suppose you spend the time in making a call upon Mrs. Middleton. We have no doubt that a thorough and intimate acquaintance with her, would be of more value to you than any other you could form. Or, suppose you apply to yourself the rule by which you wish Mrs. Cræsus to be guided, and step round the corner to call upon your new neighbor in the little brown house. To be sure you thought her furniture very humble when it passed, and you know nothing of her, but she may be a very worthy person. You saw that she tore a sheet in two to make curtains for her chamber windows, and this may have been the best thing she could have done under the circumstances. If so, it is an index of her worth. You will not object to call upon her because she is your inferior in position, for you certainly will not allow pride to rankle in your heart while you complain of it in others.

A thorough acquaintance with ourselves will aid materially in the charity we exercise toward others, whether rich or poor. And if our means are such that our charities must be confined wholly to the charitableness of our judgments, we have done a very good thing when we have dispensed this charity equitably and truly.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We sometimes receive letters from those who have been at work for THE HOME, with the names of the list so written that we can not tell who is the getter-up of the club, or to whom the desired premium shall be sent. We are obliged to our friends when they work for us, and send the proper premiums in all cases, where the directions are sufficiently explicit. But a slight failure in such matters on the part of those who write to us may put us to a great deal of inconvenience, or subject them to a loss of the premiums due. Will you bear this in mind?

L. L. K. N.—Your articles are accepted. Let us hear from you again.

A. K.—Thank you for your kind words and offers. The ripe fruits of a life-experience never come amiss to our columns.

Mrs. D. W. C. S.—We shall be glad to obtain the result of your observations. The sunbeams bring gold to the eyes of the clear-sighted.

"MINNIE."—Your songs would be worth singing if they were not out of tune. There's something the matter with their feet. They stumble where they should give us only the undulations of beauty.

G. R. R.—Thank you for your efforts, and your wife and daughter for their kind remembrances.

D. O.—Thanks. We rejoice that you have been so fortunate in the country of your adoption.

Several valuable communications have been received, that are crowded out of the present number.

HINTS FOR THE NURSERY.

ACCIDENTS.

When a child meets with an accident, and it is suspected that a bone is broken from the nature of the complaint he makes, and the deformity of the limb, such as being bent, shortened, or twisted, much immediate additional suffering to the patient, and increased mischief to the injured part, may often be saved by a little care and management. In lifting the child from the place where the accident happens, and carrying him to a couch or bed, let it be one person's business to take charge of the broken limb, and instead of allowing it to dangle loosely, carefully support it in a natural position, and, as much as possible, steady it from jar or shock. Then do not attempt to undress him, but place the limb upon a soft pillow, in the most easy position, and thus let things remain until the arrival of the surgeon.

BULL.

SCALDS OR BURNS.

The danger to be apprehended from a scald or burn must always be mainly in proportion to the extent of surface scalded, or the length of time that the burning body remains in contact with the skin.

SCALDS.—Immediately remove the child from the source of the injury. Undress him, but in doing this be very careful that the blistered part is in no way rubbed, so as to endanger the breaking of the blister or the tearing of the cuticle; this would increase the danger of the accident. The outer garments may generally be taken off without fear, but the body-linen requires great caution, lest any portion of it adhere to the wounded parts; if this is found to be the case, the linen or flannel shirt must be cut away by piecemeal, leaving that portion untouched which adheres to and covers the sore. Having put the child to bed, cover the injured parts with three or four thicknesses of cotton wadding, and so apply it as completely to exclude the external air; a bandage or something of the kind will best accomplish this object by keeping the cotton in contact with the part.

If the scald has been severe, or if not, and the extremities are disposed to be cold, or the child to shiver—and delicate children are very prone to be thus affected, even when but very slightly scalded, from the shock which is given to the system—apply warm-water bottles to the feet, and give a small quantity of wine and water. And now wait till the medical man arrives.

BURNS.—Should the clothing of a child take fire, let it be remembered that an upright posture is obviously not only favorable to the spreading of the flames, but to their reaching the more important parts of the body, the neck and head. Any motion of the body to and fro gives great advantage to the flames by bringing fresh currents of air in contact with the burning materials, and it is therefore utterly absurd to allow the child to run screaming about. Throw him down upon the floor; keep him rolling over and over upon the carpet; if possible, seize the hearth-rug or table-cover, or strip yourself of your shawl, and envelop the child in it as closely and completely as possible. In this way you will most readily put out the fire. With regard to treatment, the same plan must be pursued as in scalds. It might so happen that cotton wadding is not at hand, in which case you may use in its stead linen well soaked either in spirits of turpentine, brandy, or even milk. IBID.

HOUSEKEEPER'S DEPARTMENT.
RECIPES.

CREAM TARTAR CAKE.—Half a cup of butter, two of sugar, three of flour, three eggs, two teaspoonfuls of cream tartar, one do. of soda dissolved in one teacup of milk, one tablespoonful of flavoring. Stir together quickly and bake in a quick oven.

GINGER COOKIES.—"One cup and a half of sugar, one cup of new milk, half a cup of butter, and two eggs; one teaspoonful of saleratus, one tablespoonful of ginger, flour to make it stiff enough to roll out well; roll thin, and bake quick."

TO PRESERVE SMALL FRUITS WITHOUT COOKING.—Strawberries, raspberries, blackberries, cherries, and peaches can be preserved in this manner: Lay the ripe fruit in broad dishes, and sprinkle over it the same quantity of sugar used in cooking it. Set it in the sun or in a moderately heated oven, until the juice forms a thick syrup with the sugar. Pack the fruit in tumblers, and pour the syrup over it. Paste writing paper over the glasses, and set them in a cool, dry place. Peaches must be pared and split, and cherries pitted. Preserve in this manner, and the fruit retains much more of its natural flavor and healthfulness than when cooked.

CHEAP AND EXCELLENT CANDLES.—"I kept both tallow and lard candles through last summer, the lard candles standing the heat best, and burning quite as well, and giving

as good light as tallow ones. Directions for making good candles from lard: For twelve pounds of lard, take one pound of saltpetre, and one pound of alum; mix them and pulverize them; dissolve the saltpetre and alum in a gill of boiling water; pour the compound into the lard before it is quite all melted; stir the whole until it boils; skim off what rises; let it simmer until the water is all boiled out, or till it ceases to throw off steam; pour off the lard as soon as it is done, and clean the boiler while it is hot. If the candles are to be run, you may commence immediately; if to be dipped, let the lard cool first to a cake, and then treat as you would tallow."

CREAM CHEESE.—Take one quart of rich cream, a little soured, put it in a linen cloth, and tie it as close to the cream as you can. Then hang it up to drain for two days; take it down and carefully turn it into a clean cloth, and hang it up for two more days; then take it down, and having put a piece of linen on a deep soup-plate, turn your cheese upon it. Cover it over with your linen; keep turning it every day on to a clean plate and clean cloth till it is ripe, which will be in about ten days or a fortnight, or perhaps longer, as it depends on the heat of the weather. Sprinkle a little salt on the outside when you turn them. If it is wanted to ripen quick, keep it covered with mint or nettle leaves. The size made from a quart of cream is the most convenient, but if wished larger, they can be made so.